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# THE CASE OF
# SIR JOHN FASTOLF

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# THE CASE OF SIR JOHN FASTOLF

## AND OTHER HISTORICAL STUDIES

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BY

DAVID WALLACE DUTHIE

RECTOR OF CAISTER, GREAT YARMOUTH

LONDON
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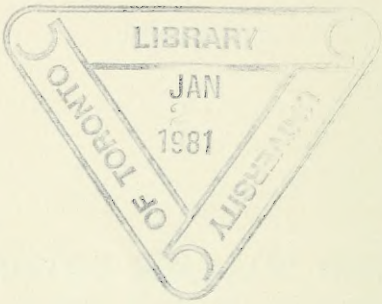


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TO

WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER

LORD BISHOP OF RIPON

GRATEFULLY

# PREFACE

The author is under obligation to the editors of "The Nineteenth Century" and "Cornhill" magazine for their kind permission to reprint the articles on "Sermons and Samuel Pepys" and "Chateaubriand."

He is a debtor also to Mr. G. G. Coulton for the much using of his English version of Salimbene's autobiography as found in the volume "From St. Francis to Dante."

D. WALLACE DUTHIE.

Caister Rectory,
Great Yarmouth.

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# THE CASE OF
# SIR JOHN FASTOLF

We live in an age when the whitewashing of reputations is a recognised form of literary enterprise. The art of Sir Peter Lely, on whose canvas ladies found themselves to be as beautiful as they had always suspected, has descended to the man of letters. We rub our eyes before the appearing of old friends with faces so new that we may be pardoned if we boggle in the recognition of them. The mask of the monster has been taken from Tiberius, the Roman emperor, and lo! a meek ascetic of singularly humane disposition, and puritanic propriety of morals. Henry VIII., Bluebeard of our schoolboy days, is but a henpecked husband, driven to severity only by intolerable domestic persecutions. The tyrant and murderer has disappeared in Richard III. He now stands

before us "an unpopular king." Machiavelli had long remained the embodiment of Satanic suggestion: we are assured, if we will but listen intently enough, we may hear the cooing of the dove above the hissing of the serpent. No longer, on the showing of his own people and his own times, is Borgia Simony and Unbridled Licence sitting on the throne of St. Peter: viewed in fairer perspective he is the "gentle and kindly affectioned Shepherd" who overcame the disability of being the father of a family by "exhibiting an illustrious example of paternal virtue." "Bloody Clavers" must henceforth be known as "Bonny Dundee"; the slaughterer of the peaceable, God-fearing Covenanters was but the puppet of a lying legend, "the truth being that he was an honourable gentleman, of a Christian life and lofty ideals." A last example is at our own doors, where the iron visage of Cromwell, cleansed from the blood and tears of three kingdoms, and wearing an aureole from Chelsea, looks out from the Houses of Parliament, whose liberties the Protector despised and overthrew.

Amidst such a wealth of vindication some lover of justice may well spread the mantle of a kindly and protecting spirit over an English soldier whom a few ill-considered words, in the crudest of Shakespearian plays, have impaled on the lonely peak of six centuries of misrepresentation and scorn.

Sir John Fastolf is one of the great army of public servants whose reputations have suffered violence at the hands of their contemporaries. Unfortunate during his lifetime, his name has borne the burden of unmerited contumely ever since. What do most people know of him? He has lain in the dust for nearly six hundred years, and the inscription upon his tomb asks the prayers of the passers-by for a brave knight "who wrought many good deeds during his mortal life"; Magdalen College, Oxford, "where every day they are bound to make memories for his soul," attests his benefactions; his services as a patriot are cut deeply into the enduring brass of his country's annals. But these are all forgotten matters. He is remembered, because in the play of "King Henry VI., Part I.," the Garter is torn from his knee

by the incensed Talbot, the king himself dismissing him into the outer darkness with the words "Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom: Be packing, thou that wast a knight; henceforth we banish thee on pain of death."

Yet this was a great warrior; a great statesman also, had his country but listened to him. Famous as a fighter in the heroic days of Henry V., his name was associated with a long series of campaigns in France when the English possessions in that realm were falling from the nerveless fingers of Henry's son. Under Fastolf a mere detachment of archers had put to flight an army in what was called the Battle of Herrings, conducting the convoy of provisions to which it owed its name in triumph into the camp. Knight in the train of Henry VI. on his first expedition across the channel: distinguished for his courage and resource on the field of Agincourt, and in the affairs at Rouen and Caen: Governor of Harfleur: Captain of Alençon as the reward of signal bravery: Governor of Melans: Victor over John II., Duke of Alençon, whom he captured and

held to ransom at the Battle of Verneuil: Baron of Gingingle in France and Knight of the Garter in England: Ambassador to the Council of Basle; his name was famous both at home and abroad. But the single reverse of his successful career, sustained at Patay, undid him. In the hour of national humiliation England claimed a victim. Henceforth he was destined to bear the unmerited reputation of one who deserted his leader in the hour of need, and betrayed the king's domain.

His friendship with Suffolk, the Jack Napes of political ballads and satires, brought him into further ill repute. When the duke's policy placed a French princess by Henry's side, surrendering at the same time the provinces of Anjou and Maine for the sake of a permanent peace honourable to both countries, the man in the street cursed the name of Fastolf with that of Suffolk for untimely concessions.

The truth is that the wholesome advice of Sir John was but coldly received by those who were in authority; this, too, at a time when there was more wisdom in this man's keeping

than in that of the whole Privy Council. Some of the warnings and counsels which were ignored have been preserved for us by William of Worcester, and confirm the sagacity of the adviser who proffered them.

Before long the enemies of Suffolk compassed his taking off. He was hacked into eternity by an Irish churl under conditions of brutality which aroused a feeling of horror even in those ruthless times. The era of the sentimental had not yet arrived. Men kept watch and ward over the display of natural emotion as against the wiles of the Evil One. Their souls, as well as their bodies, were sheathed in armour of proof. Yet a humble chronicler of the butchery of this great nobleman declares, in a letter to his lord, he had so blurred the writing with tears that he fears it would not be easy to decipher.

But if one were taken, another was left. Fastolf remained to bear, if possible, a heavier burden of suspicion and neglect and to be ostentatiously disregarded at the king's council, received with clamours in the public streets, and driven into lawsuits with his more

powerful neighbours, who fattened their glebe at his expense.

It is true he was no saint. Nor does he appear to have been a lovable man. Regard for him, apparently, was an acquired taste. Something in his bearing and disposition seems to have irritated those who were his familiars, so that it may be said, in a sense never intended by Steele, that "to love him was a liberal education."

It cannot be maintained that he was always considerate in his treatment of his dependents. But if he were not easy with them, neither did he spare himself. From early youth until he came to fourscore years his life was a hard and a strenuous one. Is it cause for wonder that his concentration of purpose bore heavily on those to whom he entrusted his affairs? He has been charged with the display of sinister qualities. "Hit is not unknown that cruell and vengible he hath byn ever, and for the most parte with aute pite and mercy." So writes his servant, Henry Windsor, in a confidential epistle to John Paston. It does not appear, however, that this is either a fair or a judicial opinion,

whilst the tenor of the letter in which it is found does not lead us to form a high estimate of the man who wrote it.

Disappointment and injustice had combined to sour Fastolf: the world had treated him badly: yet there is no real bitterness in the gaze with which he regards his fellows. Between Timon of Athens, Shakespeare's great misanthrope, and himself, a resemblance exists. Both were generals: both had done good service for their country. But the frantic pessimism and manhatred of the one, anathematising everything and everybody, when the true nature of the world's friendship is revealed to him, finds its expression in the other only in increased severity of demeanour, in a good will tempered by suspicion.

The fault of his life lay in his desire for self-aggrandisement. He had come to regard coin more than character; to cherish the ambition of perpetuating his memory in a noble mansion and broad acres to the neglect of a monument more lasting than brass. With advancing years the love of money grew upon him, and that hunger for

land which has been the fertile parent of so many evils.

Even here we must remember that he was but the product of his times, that we may not reasonably expect from him what we have a right to demand from the public man of our own day. We must bear in mind how the wars in France had exercised a fatal influence on the mood of the English noble. Violent and oppressive before, he was far worse now, for he had added to the lawlessness native to him a lust for gold and a longing for plunder born of his conquests beyond the sea, the pillage of farms, the sack of cities, the ransom of captives. When we think of the greed, aggression, want of scruples which marked the highest members of the Church and State in the fifteenth century, we shall bear more gently with what was undoubtedly a blemish in the Lord of Caister Castle.

In the "Paston Letters" you and I may see him in his habit as he lived, an old man, money loving, litigious, exacting, loud-voiced, yet a patriot, a man of honour, a willing and faithful servant of his king, one

who preserved his own piety when the spiritual life of England was in decline, who encouraged the spread of letters when English literature was almost dead.

But the tale of Fastolf's wrongs, so at least it may be argued, is not yet complete.

To assert that when Shakespeare gave Falstaff to the world he had borrowed the name and distorted the character of the veritable knight is nowadays to write oneself down an ass. Any connection between the two is repudiated by the latest school of Shakespearian scholars and commentators. Mr. Sidney Lee, whose claim to speak with authority no one will be inclined to deny, allows that "Shakespeare was possibly under the misapprehension that the military exploits of the historic Sir John Fastolf sufficiently resembled those of his own riotous knight to justify the employment of a corrupted version of his name." Beyond this he is not prepared to go.

Mr. James Gairdner, in his admirable introduction to the "Paston Letters," sees no resemblance between the needy adventurer of the dramatist and the old soldier who

"was always seeking to increase the wealth that he had amassed by long years of thrift and frugality."

One other from amongst the first flower of the critics—Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, a writer both sober and candid—asserts "there is not any ground for believing that the character of Fastolf and Falstaff have any connection whatever with each other. Yet we find historians and journalists constantly giving countenance to this vulgar error." In another place he laments that "the absurd notion appears to be hardly yet exploded."

"Vulgar error! Absurd notion!" It requires some courage to kick against such pricks as these. Yet hardihood and a clear conscience may do something.

We know what Shakespeare's contemporaries thought of the matter. Fuller, a very credible witness, says in his "Worthies," "I am sorry Sir John Fastolf is put in, to relieve his memory (Sir John Oldcastle's) in this base service, to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon."

Dr. James, who died in 1638, affirms "the poet was putt to make an ignorant shift of

abusing Sir John Fastolf." In the early part of the seventeenth century, an unnamed poet uplifts his voice sorrowfully because "scandal has been thrown upon a name of honour, charactered from a wrong person, coward and buffoon."

There is also a passage in Warton which describes how, when "the benefactions of the magnificent knight Sir John Fastolf yielded no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, they were called by way of contempt, Falstaff's Buckram men."

In spite then of the critics who have fleshed their satire on writers who lived so much nearer to Shakespeare than themselves, insisting—we know not for what reason, since the end of the world is not yet—that the last word in this controversy has been spoken, it may be affirmed there is still something to be said in favour of the older belief.

What Fuller and his fellows were content to accept as a fact must of course be proved. The task is a difficult one. The result of an independent investigation may still be inconclusive. The identity between the sober adviser of King Henry's court and the boon

companion of a prince engaged in the agricultural pursuit of sowing wild oats may not be established to a demonstration. Much, however, that is common between them may be brought to the surface, and at the least another chapter added to the history of coincidences.

In all that is concerned with Shakespeare one works in an imperfect light. The obscurity which lies about the career of the young man who came up from the country about 1585, returning to die there in 1616, is only less wonderful than the genius which has dazzled the whole world. His life remains to-day the playground of fantastic theories; the touch of assurance can be laid on little. Uncertainty attaches to his lineage, the conditions and degree of his education, the employments of his early manhood, the marvel of his scholarship, the extent of his authorship, even to the spelling of his name. His portraits and busts are unauthentic, not one of them having been painted or carved during his lifetime. After all, what remains to us? Five signatures faint with age; a chance reference here and there in contemporary friends and foes; scanty details from

registers or title-deeds or torn records; a few legends of his prowess as a poacher or a fuddler, and some deplorable doggerel in the worst possible taste, which serve only to heighten the disparity between the man as thus dimly presented and the works which have come down to us bearing his name.

Assuming the conventional Shakespeare, it may be taken as certain that the persons of his plays were generally founded upon historical characters, upon men and women who had lived and breathed. That he made the freest use of his models is equally certain. How far he could depart from the truth may be seen in his unworthy and detestable treatment of Joan of Arc. Here, unless we assume the work of another hand, or an illustration of the evils of collaboration, he is responsible for a travesty which makes of one of the noblest and most spiritual figures of the Middle Ages a sorceress, an unnatural daughter, and an abandoned woman.

Sir John Fastolf appears in the same play, and has been subjected to the same kind of maltreatment. In the dramatist's day, the smart of the losses in France still rankled

in the English heart, and Shakespeare—above all things an Englishman—and not beyond the prejudices of his kind—offers up the unpopular soldier on the altar of the ferocious sentiment known as national honour. What Fastolf was we know perfectly well, yet the author of "King Henry VI." tricks him out in the shameful livery of the coward and traitor.

And the character of Falstaff is but a continuation of the wrong.

Perhaps more than any other of Shakespeare's puppets, Falstaff demands a prototype. Amidst the great multitude, thronging from all countries, and representing nothing less than the whole company of mankind, Falstaff is most alive. He stands out from the shadowy folk of the poet's imagination as a thing of flesh and blood. We find it impossible to resist him. Through the whole of his scandalous adventures, through effrontery, lies, and buffooneries, we are held, like the wedding guest, by the sense of a vivid, personal presence. We are his, from the moment he demands "Now, Hal, what time of the day is't, lad?" until that other

moment when, for him, time in this world had ceased to be, and we attend that pitiful death-bed in the Eastcheap tavern with a poignancy of regret denied to other and better men. We can hardly convince ourselves that we have not known him in the body, have not laughed in the actual company of the world's greatest humourist.

But all that is generally known of Henry VI.'s Privy Councillor can afford but a slender outline for expansion into one of the colossal figures of literature. Whence came the more precise details from which Falstaff was evolved? We answer, from a Norfolk squire, and from a bundle of family records.

Let us conceive of the dramatist in these early days when he had to supplement the scanty endowment of letters received (presumably) from the Grammar School at Stratford. Unless we adopt the glorified Shakespeare whom Mr. George Wyndham has found time, amidst the pre-occupation of politics, to describe, we must accept on the testimony of the most candid and trustworthy of his biographers that "the vast and various amount of information" which strikes us with

amazement in his works was acquired by him whilst in London. Even his unparalleled gifts must be nourished by knowledge. His own mind had to be furnished before his genius could unfold itself in the long procession of poems and plays which began, and ended, with his residence in town. His plots—though transformed in his treatment of them—were borrowed; he seems to have turned eagerly to old plays, ancient chronicles, modern translations, contemporary records; anything in short which would equip an intellect ranging to and fro in quest of ideas and types.

Frequenter of taverns himself (tradition especially connects him with the lyric feasts at the Mermaid Tavern in Broad Street, sung by Beaumont), the jovial haunts and public meeting-places in London were as familiar to him as to his own Falstaff. Here, where the currents of wit, and fashion, and letters met and mingled in one convivial stream, the actor and the author rapidly growing in reputation and personal esteem must have made many acquaintances. Amongst them may have been Sir William Paston (1528–1610), who stands well

attested as a lover of learning and patron of the drama. His memory lives on in the cathedrals of Bath and Norwich, and in the Grammar School at North Walsham which he founded and endowed; Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, bears witness to his liberality and his regard for the university which nourished him; Zucchero has preserved for us the grave and kindly features of the scholar and courtier. To such an one, instinct with the new spirit which the great Elizabethan age had breathed into so many Englishmen, nor wanting, doubtless, in those antiquarian tastes noteworthy in his descendants, everything concerning the memorable man into whose possessions he had entered must have been of interest.

A man of letters himself, he would be likely to desire better acquaintance with the greatest man of letters of his own day. Admitting that the two had met, it is easy to believe that the poet made the best use of his opportunities. Fastolf's was a character that had already figured in his early plays: here was an authority who could tell all that was to be told about him. Master of that Caister

Castle which Sir John had built in his declining years; great grandson of the Paston who had been the knight's chief agent and residuary legatee, the squire could speak into Shakespeare's ear stories of that strong, bizarre personality which had stamped itself upon one generation after another.

But was Paston likely at his time of life to make many journeys to the metropolis? Was he likely to desert his own fireside, with the many occupations of a landed proprietor, for the gaieties and fatigues of London? True, he was no longer young, but his was a green old age, Shakespeare surviving him by six years only. Let it be borne in mind, also, that he had a son Clement, who in all likelihood was leading the life of a young man about town contemporaneously with the dramatist. This eldest son was heir not only to the Norfolk acres but to the history and legends of the memorable soldier who had bequeathed them to his ancestors. From Clement may have come the information we assume to have been imparted by Sir William. Indeed Shakespeare may well have known both father and son.

Nor was oral narrative the only source of information. In the hall at Caister were stored up the family and other records now known as the "Paston Letters." A century and a half of the play and stir of English life lay in these parchments, private feuds, public broils, and the passions which contribute tragic touches to the drama of humanity; there in black and white lay such revelations of mind and disposition as served to bring the dead Fastolf to life, and would make him stand a creature of flesh and blood before the eager eyes of the playwright. With these historic documents we cannot doubt Sir William to have been familiar. In 1597 he left Caister for the fine mansion at Oxnead given to him by his uncle Clement (perhaps the most illustrious of the Paston line); and the letters may well have been carefully examined before this date, and prepared for removal.

May we not surmise then—for what is the life of Shakespeare but one long conjecture—that he knew Paston, had hearkened to all that he could tell of his great-grandfather's friend and benefactor, and had

supplemented the knowledge thus gained with the Paston correspondence which a fortunate acquaintance had placed at his disposal, either in town or country. When the theatres were closed in London (1593) owing to the plague, there is little doubt the dramatist was travelling with his company through the provinces. He may have seen the "Letters" then. A few phrases, occasional touches of local colour, a glimpse here and there of an uncommon individuality were stuff sufficient for the wonderful imagination of a Shakespeare to build its work of art upon. With these the "Letters" had supplied him: a supposition which seems to involve no heavier demands upon our credulity than other theories which have been seriously advanced. From Paston there came certain personal details known only to the inner circle of familiar friends and handed down from father to son: the story of one who had held the mirror up to fashion in his youth: who had lived the gay life of courts, and warmed himself in the favour of the great. The "Letters" would disclose an old age, severe, cold, and mercenary, in which

its warmest congratulation assumes the form of "I am as glad as a man had geve me 1000 marks"; its intensest feeling is bestowed upon lawsuits and reprisals; whilst the offices of the Church are ardently invoked if not to corrupt earthly tribunals, at least to advance interests which are entirely mundane.

The spendthrift of one generation is the miser of the next, so Shakespeare, arguing back, may have seen in this stinting carefulness only iniquity retired on a pension, the fit ending to a libidinous, extravagant manhood. In his own words, "A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery."

Yet though the character of Fastolf lent itself to distortion and burlesque, the real man in all likelihood was known to the author of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." "You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations." Beneath this bitter irony of Ford, as addressed to a rascally,

shameless fat man, may have lain the poet's sober judgment of the neglected hero whose name Falstaff had assumed and discredited.

Our task is now concerned with the points of resemblance between the true knight and the false. They are at least twelve in number.

1. Falstaff as a youth, in that happy period of his existence when he had no difficulty in seeing his own knee, and was able, if his own assertion is to be believed, to creep through an alderman's ring, is represented as page to the Thomas Mowbray who was afterwards created Earl of Nottingham and Duke of Norfolk. Sir John Fastolf has been described as in the train of that able and ambitious lord, the great Duke of Bedford. As a matter of fact he was a ward whilst in his minority to the Duke of Norfolk (the early master of "bulk Sir John"), afterwards passing into the service of a Prince of the Blood Royal, the Duke of Clarence.

2. Both were natives of Norfolk. Falstaff shows his county in his reminiscences: Fastolf was a member of a well-known East Anglican family, and was born and died in the parish of Caister, near Great Yarmouth.

3. The French wars of the time of Henry V. and Henry VI. had given Fastolf frequent and abundant opportunities for distinction as a soldier. He had so freely availed himself of these, that until the dark day of Patay his name was joined with that of Talbot and others of the great captains. This was the reputation burlesqued by Falstaff. During his diverting interview with the Lord Chief-Justice he is made to ejaculate, "Would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is," a modest vaunt well in keeping with those claims for valour, alacrity, and other qualities which "were not apparent to the casual observer."

When he inflicts a posthumous wound upon Hotspur, and dragging the body of that splendid Englishman into the presence of the astonished Prince of Wales, advances a claim for preferment which he almost implies will not be honoured, "There is Percy (throwing the body down), if he will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself," he is parodying the prowess of the true Sir John. Him we have seen before, and often in the forefront of battle. He too had

claims against the crown unrecognised, for his share in the ransom money of the Duc d'Alençon remained unpaid until his dying day.

4. The stigma of cowardice was fastened upon both.

Larding the lean earth as he runs roaring on Gad's Hill; falling at the wind of the Douglas's sword and shamming death; decanted into the Thames with odds and ends of dirty linen; belaboured under the guise of the fat woman of Brentford; author of the undying disquisition upon honour of which the conclusion is "Therefore I'll none of it"; Falstaff is not so much a type of cowardice as cowardice itself. How near he stands, though humour has gilded his poltroonery, to the man whom Talbot accused. "If Sir John Fastolf had not played the coward, he being in the vaward, placed behind with purpose to relieve and follow them, cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke." Between the man who answered the captain's enquiry, "What! will you fly and leave Lord Talbot?" "Ay. All the Talbots in the world to save my life," and the jester who scouted honour because it

carried with it danger of wounds and death, there is more than a family likeness. We are moved to admire the art of Shakespeare which makes Falstaff his own creation, alive with the very personality of another.

5. Language has been strained to its utmost to express Falstaff's grossness of body. The cause of wit in others as well as in himself, his bulk gave occasion to some of the most mirth-compelling similes in the language. "A huge hill of flesh; a tun of a man; a horse back breaker; a roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in its belly;" these are amongst the conceits with which he was pelted by his friends. His infirmity exposed him to the unkindly enquiry "How long ago, Jack, is it since thou sawest thine own knee?" In every phase of the dramatist's art it is a mountain of a man that is presented to us. Falstaff admitted, not without a sigh, his own swag-bellied proportions, though he softens down the ribald comparisons of Prince Hal to "A goodly, portly man i' faith, and a corpulent."

Now in the matter of this amplitude of form there appears to be curious corroboration

of identity between the false knight and the true. Not only does a tradition still linger on in Caister of the brawn of the first lord of its castle, but an old print in the Free Library of Great Yarmouth tends to confirm it. Flaming eyes and a passionate face with some degree of sombre expression in it, surmount what is evidently—due allowance made for the cumbersome harness—a body of immense girth.

6. To speak of the obesity of Falstaff is to think, by a natural association of idea, of the congenital thirst that nourished it. It was the "intolerable deal of sack" (not sighing and grief as he suggests) which blew him up like a bladder. We are left in darkness as to the nature of his career from the time when he turned his back on Clement's Inn until the mellow period when his years inclined to fifty-five, "or, by our Ladye, three score." It is likely that his principal occupations lay in the London taverns "where he met his friends, and eluded his creditors." The headquarters and favourite inn was unquestionably the Boar's Head in Eastcheap: a house marked out by time-honoured stage

directions as the hostelry frequented by Prince Hal and the roysterers who attended him.

On this point, coincidence if nothing more attends our enquiry, for the Boar's Head Tavern in Southwark was a part of Sir John Fastolf's town estate.

7. Falstaff is a master of bombast and strong language.

There is a splendid, incomparable exuberance in his speech. It is impossible that any ordinary man should be able to equal the genius of his invective, but, even here, standing afar off, Sir John Fastolf betrays some of the same qualities which in his double are made glorious. His language is testy and full of choler; much heat is imparted to trivial matters, the fact that ten times ten make a hundred becoming with the old soldier a crushing accusation. In his correspondence he often displays a comical kind of fierceness, foaming at the pen. There is quaintness and flavour in his comparisons. In a letter he begs his friends to labour his matters, and "forget not that old shrew Dallyng, for he is sore at my stomach." In another epistle he writes, "I pray you send

me word who darre be so hardy as to keck agen you in my right . . . and yff they wolle not dredde, ne obey that, then they shall be quyt by Blackbearde or Whitebearde; that is to say, by God or the Devyll." There is a true Falstaffian ring about this pronouncement.

8. The Law plays a prominent part in the lives of these two men.

That the legal studies of Falstaff were serious or engrossing may not be contended. But his name was entered at Clement's Inn, and here with his friends (not reading men in any sense) he heard the chimes at midnight, lay all night in the windmill at St. George's Field, and to the watchword of "Hem, boys," laid up that store of diverting adventures which could have helped him but little in his progress towards the woolsack, though they raised pleasant memories amongst Robert Shallow and his friends many years after. For Falstaff in his youth, the law was indeed Father Antic. With the advance of Time its aspect became more tragic. Bully Jack had much ado to keep from coming within its toils. Its myrmidons, Fang, and the rest of them whose quarry was a fat man, "as

fat as butter," were well known to him. Writs must have been as common as leaves in Vallombrosa. The Lord Chief-Justice held him under observation as a suspect; nothing but the fickle favours of a prince kept the shadows of the gallows from his path.

Litigiousness is the prevailing feature of Sir John Fastolf's old age. As the false knight had forsaken the profession of law for that of arms, so the true one had doffed his mail to assume, as far as a layman might, the long robe. Contentious matters fill up the remainder of his life. His letters breathe out fire and threatenings. All the technicalities of a calling which existed apparently to confuse the issues of right and wrong were at his finger ends. His agents are constantly abjured to move quickly and vigorously in some action, or to see to it that some judge or tribunal be well affected towards him. He sends by the bearer eight writs of green wax for certain processes he has in Norfolk with a distringas for Sir John Shypton. He requires word of the correction and engrossing of damages. As the Duke of Norfolk is about to sit upon

the oyez and terminez, Howys must labour to show forth his grievances. He is accused by the Bailly of Hykeling of forging evidence; in his turn he indicts a nobleman for forging a false acquittance. Living, he involved his friends and dependents in his own broils and quarrels; dead, by a strange and unintentional irony, he bequeathed to his residuary legatee, John Paston, a lawsuit which bade fair to become interminable.

9. Names occur which have a certain suggestiveness. The playful greeting, "My old Knight of the Castle," construed by most commentators into a reference to the Lollard Sir John Oldcastle, need have no such application. Indeed the epilogue to the play of "Henry V." denies it. Since the building of Caister Castle was the great achievement of Fastolf's later years, the reference may well be to the lord of that castle. Such a territorial designation would have been natural and appropriate. The place of pride this famous mansion had, both in the mind of its builder and in the estimation of the Norfolk people, may easily be gathered from the "Paston Letters."

Bardolph again is a word carrying with it local associations as well as memories of that too faithful servant whom his fleering master called "a perpetual triumph and everlasting bonfire," professing on one occasion to have mistaken him for an *ignis fatuus*, or ball of fire.

The Bardolph Manor contained some of the best acres in the Caister estate. Lady Bardolph was a neighbour of Sir John who, at one time or another, had been largely concerned in her fortunes.

10. The mention of Bardolph brings us to the further consideration that both Fastolf and Falstaff were fortunate in securing the devotion of their adherents—adherents whom they treated none too well.

There was a fascination about the disorderly riotous knight which claimed and held his hirelings. The delight of his conversation must have been great: for men of his own kidney it was no little thing to be permitted a share in his jollifications, his drolleries, and his exploits on the highways; to drink deep in that river of sack which seemed to flow from his heels. But there

must have been more than all this to have so riveted the chain of their regard. The bouncing landlady—whose injuries the Lord Chief-Justice summed up so tersely—forgave him again and again. She pawns, for his unworthy sake, the plate from her table and the gown from her back; it was her pagan consolations which hushed the last moments of the broken and harassed old man. Pistol and the others took much at his hands (only once it is on record that the cup of their forbearance ran over), hanging by him with a kind of faithfulness not often given to those who merit it, until at his death they disappeared one by one by way of the gallows. Bardolph above all served his master with a dog-like fidelity and love. He is much enduring though the jests broken upon his head goad him on occasions to fury. For his master's sake he considers neither shame, nor fatigue, nor peril. He had known Falstaff for thirty years as a valet knows his hero, he had been scurvily treated by him, yet it was Bardolph, when he heard that his lord was sped, who paid him that magnificent tribute

of mingled attachment and profanity, "I would I were with him, wheresoever he is, whether he be in heaven or hell." All these men adored him and could take on their own lips the words which Falstaff used of Poins: "I have forsworn his company hourly any time these two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicine to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else."

It would be idle to contend that an equal charm dwelt in the person of Sir John Fastolf. Yet those who were the most about him cared the most for him. Paston, the country gentleman, became as a son to him, and served him with a whole-heartedness which the preoccupied old man, cumbered with many affairs, was ever ready to acknowledge. William of Worcester, a man of good family and a scholar, devoted the best years of his life to a service which brought him little profit, inspired by regard for an ill appreciated hero. Sir Thomas Howys, his agent and chaplain, was devoted to him though he must often have ex-

perienced the rough side of his tongue. Even a humble retainer like John Payn did not hesitate to peril his life and jeopardise his goods in an attempt to secure the safety and comply with the orders of that master whose interests came before any other consideration.

Like the retainers of Falstaff, these men were but ill repaid. If Paston succeeded to the Norfolk estate it was at best in a fortuitous manner. Unless we are prepared to reject the solemn testimony of Parson Howys, Paston was the architect of his own fortunes, and owed the legacy which benefited him so little to a forged instrument. The case of Worcester was especially untoward. Ill rewarded during Fastolf's lifetime, he was mortified to discover that no provision had been made for him in that worthy's will. Years before, when he had asked for an increase in the pittance doled out to him, Sir John had expressed a hearty regret that he was not a priest, so that he might have rewarded him with a living, a form of benevolence which made the least possible demand on one who was a patron. As for Payn, we

find him, long after his master's death, still appealing for some requital for the injuries sustained in purse and person during Jack Cade's rebellion, when he took his life in his hand and rode into the rebel camp under Fastolf's instructions. Nevertheless not one of these men has a harsh or unkind word to say of the master he had served so long.

11. The parallel is not so clearly defined, but on the better side, one had almost dared to say, the religious side, these two had something in common. Mingled with a certain sordidness and austerity there was in Sir John Fastolf a steadiness and integrity of character which earned for him the friendship and respect of some of the noblest men of his time. In a lawless age, he regarded and upheld the tribunals of his country; in an ungodly generation he lived and died fearing God. He was mindful both of the claims of the Church and of the poor, for though he gave reluctantly during his lifetime he provided for the foundation of a college in his mansion at Caister after his death, with a hospital which could shelter and maintain seven priests and seven poor men. His

letters, despite their worldliness, are remarkable for their endings, which indicate, beyond the formalities of the age, a true spirit of piety.

Falstaff, too, had a good angel about him, though no one in his senses would dream of asserting that he was a man of religion. Apart from his compelling humour, those who knew him seemed to have loved the better man who lay hidden under that great whimsical mass of infirmities and follies. Steeped to his lips in worldliness, oblivious of Lent or fast-day, careless of the source of his plunder, and one who had forgotten what the inside of a church was like, he yet displays a certain wistful attitude towards goodness. A deeper, stronger feeling than remorse seems to underlie the contrast which evidently rose in his mind between his innocent childhood, and a manhood that was full of drink and oaths and lust and cupidity. Time after time he repented incontinently of his sins, and thought to lead a new life. He was — we maintain — in earnest when he said, "I must give over this life, and I will give it over;" in earnest

when he longed for a fresh start so that he might "live cleanly as a nobleman ought." Moreover, he is above any serious attempt at hypocrisy; amidst his manifold jestings, he is guiltless of irreverence. Though he looks out on the world with the leer of the satyr from amongst the leaves, never once does he win the laugh on that forbidden ground. He had forgotten Him often and miserably, yet it was the name of his Creator which trembled on his dying lips.

12. A final resemblance lies in the neglect in which these two men died.

The day when Henry V., just come to the crown, rode past Westminster Abbey, was hailed by Falstaff as the most auspicious in his career. It may be he saw in it the beginning of that happier and more virtuous mode of life for which he had expressed a longing. Yet it ended in eclipse and black night. Carried in disgrace to the Fleet, with those dreadful words "I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers" from the darling of his heart—his king—his love—sounding in his ears, Falstaff fell beneath the stroke. His heart was broken. For

perhaps the first time he had been put out of countenance; his inventive effronteries almost deserted him. The end was indeed drawing near when even his butt, the witless Shallow, could retort successfully upon him. Debt, disease, debauchery pressed heavily, but the fatal blow was not of them. "Ah, poor heart, he is so shaked of a burning quotidian fever," said Dame Quickly. Pistol and Nym diagnosed his case more soundly. "The king hath run bad humours on the knight," was the opinion of one. "Nym, thou hast spoken the right," quoth the other, in his own bombastic way; "his heart is fracted and corroborate." After this the curtain falls rapidly. Our last sight of Falstaff is of a man, fallen from his station and opportunities, dying, as he had lived, in a tavern, amid the noise of oaths and dicing, with but the poor consolations of a light woman to speed him through the Valley of the Dark Shadow.

As Sir John Fastolf had lived a worthier life, so he came to a more fitting end. He passed away in his sick chamber at Caister Castle attended by the ministrations of an

attached household, and fortified by the last rites of the Church. A goodly company followed him to his last resting-place in St. Benet's Abbey at Holm. But he had long survived his influence at court; the phantom of Patay refused to be exorcised, bringing him averted looks until the last; his claims against the Crown remained unregarded, his captive unransomed, his just debts unpaid. His letters bear witness how often, in this contemptuous estimate, he was set at naught, for whilst his more powerful neighbours were filching his territory, the smaller fry, like the parson of Stratford who fished his stanks and destroyed his new mills, or John Cole who took twenty-four swans and cygnets out of his waters at Dedham, were not afraid to encroach upon him with petty aggressions. Nevertheless his heart did not fail him; he carried it stoutly until the end.

These then are some of the reasons which lead us to believe that the older historians had some warrant for their identification of the two men.

Under any circumstance the Fastolf of Shakespeare's play of "King Henry VI."

remains an injured man, whilst Pelion has been piled upon Ossa if the personality of the great soldier and Knight of the Garter has been merged in that of the fat and disorderly knight.

There are some people to whom such an immortality would be welcome. To find a reincarnation in the world's supreme embodiment of humour, the occasion of universal mirth; to cheer the monotony and gladden the darkness of daily life with perhaps the brightest and wittiest spirit known to man; for such a fate as this, they would be more than content to doff their respectability and pursue a deathless but mirth-inspiring way to the tune of the Rogue's March.

Few, however, would find the charms of such posthumous glories compelling. To be born into a portentous state, his own yet not his own; to live with his virtues depressed, his failings exaggerated almost out of resemblance; to be denied the perpetual peace and quiet forgetfulness of the grave which are the rightful portion of every mortal; to be paraded through the laughing centuries with the leer of Silenus for ever in his face,

the grin of the ribald for ever on his lips, is a fate from which a man of honour and self-respect may well pray to be delivered.

A generation like our own which cries aloud so vehemently for the truth will recognise the claim of Sir John Fastolf for rehabilitation; it will not deny that his doom to discourtesy should be repealed.

# THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN PAYN

A FORGOTTEN incident in Jack Cade's rebellion deals with the fortunes of a master and his man. Of the master we know a great deal, and suspect more. He was that Sir John Fastolf who battered so stoutly at the Frenchmen's gate in the fifteenth century, contriving by the irony of fate to achieve a greater reputation with his enemies than amongst those who had cause to think well of him.

What manner of man he was, we may see in the "Paston Letters"; choleric; swearing great oaths; full of grievances; labouring to increase an estate swollen already to great proportions; hard in his dealings with his dependents, yet not unbeloved of them. With one of these retainers our narrative is concerned.

But for his misfortunes the name of this faithful follower would have faded from the knowledge of his kind. Long after his humble

unnamed fellows have been mown down by the scythe of Time and "blown away like thistle down," Payn's memory survives. He wrote a letter which has preserved his name and his mischances; a human document in the midst of much that is arid and sordid in the "Paston Letters."

Fortune was not blind to the omen of his name, and played upon it. It made of him the rebel *malgré lui*, and visited him with pains and penalties not without sudden and terrifying glimpses of the gallows.

Nearly a hundred years before this story begins England had been moved by an indignation against the social condition of things that could not be restrained. Wat Tyler had headed his Peasants' Revolt, and had marched to London with his sorry array, strong only in the number and intensity of their wrongs. Rags were there and wretchedness and anguish; weariness with long walking to and fro in quest of bread; resentment, long suffering, despair. But a kind word and ready promise from the lips of a king had disarmed them; they were dismissed, some to their homes, some to the gallows.

This time the grievances were political, whilst the actors in the stirring drama were those of better social standing.

They dwelt in Kent, the busy manufacturing district of those days. Here John Ball, "the mad priest," had preached socialism in his songs; here the wandering minstrels had sown revolutionary doctrines under the guise of ballads; here the Peasants' Revolt had found a leader; and here, in the fulness of time, a leader sprang to the head of the new uprising. True to his conception of himself as a deliverer and a king, he bore the name of Mortimer as though a member of that royal house whose fortunes were soon to flourish again on the English throne. His friends, however, knew him as Jack Cade, and History sees in the remarkable young man who promised himself a kingdom and his country a charter only an Irish adventurer. This at least may be asserted of him that, from the time he assumed his rôle until the hour his army melted away from him, he played his part with an ardour and disregard of consequences denied to any but his nation.

Though he carried with him a sufficiently ragged reputation from the first, it was only when he came face to face in London town with his old fellow-servant Bayley that his delinquencies were in danger of being tracked home.

Not much is known of his earlier history. Crossing the Channel to enter the household of Sir Thomas Dacre in Sussex, a murder of peculiar baseness had compelled him to escape to France, whence he returned in the scarlet robes of a physician and bearing the name of Aylmer. We can imagine his progress as a healer: how he spread his carpet on the village green: with what eloquence and effrontery he harangued the people, avoiding meanwhile the severe Ordinance against "Meddlers with surgery and physic." Audacity and a dashing appearance seem to have rewarded him with the hand of a squire's daughter, so that henceforth his social standing is secured, and he is in readiness to head an enterprise which deserved a better leader. Yet, ambitious and turbulent as he was, with a career behind him full of dark passages, we cannot fancy

that the man who inspired the rebellion, and carried it on at the beginning with so much force and spirit, was wanting in something noble. He had at least a righteous cause behind him.

Nowhere was the misrule of the government of King Henry VI. more keenly felt than in Kent. From this country of orchards and pleasances came the disaffection which Mortimer, otherwise Jack Cade, nourished into actual revolt. Whit-week saw the rebellion in open flame; the Kentish lanes emptying themselves of men with passion in their faces and weapons in their hands. Sussex shook off its drowsiness to join in the march: all sorts and conditions of men fell into the ranks. This was no mere rabble which grew in numbers and in determination as it moved. Many a goodly name was represented there; many a squire and yeoman; with Poynings, a gentleman of ancient lineage, to act as chief lieutenant. With the good men and true came, as was inevitable, some of the baser sort. It might be pedlars dealing in revolutions as well as other wares; or it might be itinerant church-

men, pilgrims and pardoners; or again it might be the minstrels who sang of liberty and fraternity, or outlaws, thieves, and jobbing workmen with ribald songs about Jack Napes and Harry our King; they were all there, all brothers in revolt. At Blackheath their march was stayed, and the rebels drew up the formidable list of their complaints. And here at Blackheath the first shadow of coming disaster fell across the fortunes of John Payn.

At this critical time when rumour was at its wildest, and London awaited with apprehension the march of the men of Kent; when Henry VI. (destined to lose the golden opportunity which a less deserving predecessor had turned to good account) was hurrying in timid haste to confer with his councillors: when Ayscough, Bishop of Salisbury, was being dragged from the altar at Edginton to be murdered in alb and stole by a band of his own tenants; at this time Fastolf, the old soldier and Privy Councillor, was sitting in his house at Southwark, counting his bonds, or making his pen fly furiously over paper in commands to his friends or in wordy warfare

with his enemies. With a soldier's promptitude he determined to find out, in the interests of the State, what were the rebel demands. To this intent he summoned his trusty servant Payn, bidding him ride post-haste to the insurgent camp, and use his wits to see and hear all that was going on.

A less confident man, a less devoted servant, might well have hesitated to launch himself upon an errand so encompassed with peril. Payn, however, displayed no hesitation. He set forth in haste accompanied by one attendant. We have nothing to guide us but surmises, but if he entered upon this adventure with a light heart, he had speedy reason to rue it. With the journey to Blackheath began tribulations which were to last his days. What befell these two as they rode on the way; through what rumours they passed; what were the plans that passed through the mind of Payn—or whether he was trusting to that yielding reed—the inspiration of the moment—of all this we are ignorant. We only know that so riding he came in view of his journey's end, and understood that his task had become a peril. The heath was humming

like a hive of angry bees. Its rural peace had forsaken it. Filled with a "great might and a strong host" it had become "a field dyked and staked well about as though in a land of war, save only that they kept order among them, for Jack Robyn was as good as John at the Noke, for all were as high as pigs' feet." There was time to withdraw, but Martyrdom beckoned him on, and the messenger rode forward. Courageous in war, as he was faithful in peace, he would fulfil his mission at any cost. The sight of so many men may have worked a revolution in his mind, for as he beheld a swarm of outposts bearing down upon him he determined to save his master's property, those "two best" steeds. Turning in his saddle and with uplifted hand staying his fellow, he leapt from his horse, tossed over its reins, and shouted a hasty command which sent his companion homeward at a gallop with the led mare. When he fell into the grasp of his captors they were gratified only by a view of Sir John's horseflesh disappearing in a cloud of dust.

Payn was now caught in the meshes. As

he was hurried along, he could draw no comfortable assurance out of the tumult and disorder before him, which only Cade's voice and approved authority could quell. But the most disorderly held an awe of their captain. That formidable person may be viewed ranging up and down through the camp listening with knitted brows to the reports of his scouts, executing a ready reprisal on any who set up their opinion against his own, or sitting in consultation with Poynings and his other lieutenants. As yet he wears his own proper scarlet, for the armour in which he is to enter London still glitters on the person of Sir Humphrey Stafford, "one of the manliest of all the realm of England." Before him the most recent captive is haled, his business demanded. The answer is not far to seek. Payn has come in order to "cheer with" his wife's brothers, and with sundry of his acquaintances, for are they not all men of Kent?

But why had he made his fellow to steal away with the horses? This was a disconcerting query. He was caught in a situation

which might have tested the aplomb of a wiser mind than his. His action had shown panic, or at least an unmannerly distrust of his hosts. Before he could choose the particular horn of his dilemma, a quick eye in the crowd had detected his person if not his quest, a rough voice cried out upon him as a follower of Fastolf. With the word Fastolf, his fate is sealed, for Cade is one of those who had sworn to have the head of Jack Napes.

Nor is the word more popular with the crowd. Save the Duke of Suffolk himself no one holds so sorrowful a pre-eminence in the hatred of his countrymen as the misjudged patriot of the French wars. And now the faithful squire has a foretaste of the bitterness of death. He is made the centre of a procession of ignominy. Before him goes the Duke of Exeter's herald, pressed into the rebel service and used by Cade to clothe his lawless proceedings with a semblance of justice, perhaps to impress his following. This man who had borne his part in royal pageantries and eaten at great folks' tables, must now grace the travesties of a led captain; must now, shorn of his customary

pursuivants but clad in the coat of arms of his royal master, make proclamation at each of the four quarters of the heath, with the oyez of his order.

The burden of his charge is that Payn was sent "to spy out their power and habiliments of war by the greatest traitor that was in England or in France, and that the said Sir John Fastolf had furnished his house with the old soldiers of Normandy and with munitions of war to destroy the Commons of Kent when they should come to Southwark." When the circuit of the camp is completed amidst the revilings and execrations of an angry crowd, Payn is told plainly that he must lose his head. Forthwith he is led to the captain's tent, and an axe and block brought forth with the dreadful promptitude of those days. But even as he is placed in position to receive the fatal stroke a rush of his kinsfolk and friends is made, with Poynings at their head. An excited parley ensues: Cade storms and menaces: swords are drawn and brandished to the accompaniment of the stern declaration of the rescuers that hundreds of lives should pay for the blood of Payn. Con-

fronted with a determination at least equal to his own, Cade draws back, and Fastolf's emissary finds himself comparatively free.

Before the path of his retreat is made open, the rebel leader requires a further word with him. To use the language of a later day, Payn must either sail under the skull and crossbones of a piratical flag, or walk the plank. The price of his liberty was a solemn oath that he would return to his master in Southwark, and then come back to Blackheath armed cap-à-pie to cast in his fortunes with the Commons of Kent. Payn takes the oath, a proceeding which excites no surprise. What is passing strange is that he kept it. Perhaps a solemn pledge meant more then than it does now. At any rate the easy perjuries of the courts of law, the casuistries of the schoolmen readily absolving from extorted promises, made no appeal to him. Nay, more, a popular cause, the urging of his friends, some undoubted sympathies with the reforms demanded, all these had no power to detach him from his allegiance.

Even now, with his face set homeward,

he is not quit of annoyance and danger, his path lying through the menaces which everywhere greet the passing of Fastolf's man. He finds himself in the midst of a hustle of knaves who make such a levy upon his purse that in the recital of his wrongs his other indignities are swallowed up by the remembrance of the xxvijs. of which he was mulcted by these banditti. Free of the heath at last, the conviction must have settled down with the weight of lead in his heart that he had committed himself to an adventure for which he had no stomach.

Of the advice he received from his lord lying in Southwark he says nothing. That aged warrior—whose courage no one might impeach—thought it well in the coming stress to be guided by his servant and secure his own safety. Accordingly, with his armed garrison, he left his house to the slender protection of two trusted retainers, and withdrew with his men to the Tower. Safe in his fastness, girdled by solid masonry and stout arms, Sir John could await with confidence the chances of the coming storm; it remained for Payn to make his way back

into the very heart of it with what courage he might.

His return did not secure for him either the confidence or the good will of the malcontents. He was held suspect on every side: Cade kept him in his tent, or near to his person under surveillance. Nothing but the unceasing vigilance of his friends preserved him from the repeated attempts made upon his life. Payn was not a sentimentalist, but one cannot read his narrative without being made aware that much wanton indignity was heaped upon him, that his purse and person were held fair game by all who could make an attack upon them.

It is uncertain at what precise time his fortunes were joined to those of the men of Kent, whether before the retreat to Sevenoaks where the royal forces were completely routed, or the triumphant return to their old camping ground on the way to London. He complains that "four times before that time (*i.e.* the affair on London Bridge) I was carried about throughout Kent and Sussex, and there they would have smitten off my head." It is not unlikely that he lay with

the rebel host beneath the threatened turrets of Knole high on the wooded hill of Seven-oaks, that he saw the conflict raging before him which furnished Cade with a new suit of armour and his men with a fresh enthusiasm. Down there in the country huddled under a pent of boughs, or hurried from place to place, always watched and always unhappy, his sufferings were made greater by the wrongs done to his Kentish home and his household. "And in Kent there as my wife dwelled they took away all our movable goods that we had, and there would have hanged my wife and five of my children, and left her none other goods saving her kyrtyll and her smock."

This at least is clear; after much deadly skirting of peril, he found himself in the train of "Mortimer" after his entry into Southwark on July 1st. Though present on the spot, not all the events of that fateful week passed beneath his notice; not the dramatic approach of Cade and his boastful cry as he struck his sword in London town, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city;" not the execution of Lord Saye and Sele hurried

into eternity by the standard in Cheap, untried of his peers and unshriven by his Church; not the end of the unpopular tax-gather Crowmer, Saye's son-in-law, nor of the humbler victim Bayley, doomed to lose his head less for the guilt of necromancy than for the crime of knowing too much of the unsavoury past of Cade, his sometime fellow-servant; not the interview between the captain with the conquering air and the Lord Mayor, "very much the great bow unstrung," when Jack touched the very limit of irony by issuing a proclamation in the king's name against robbery and extortion.

Robbery and extortion! these were the very things the citizens dreaded, not without reason. The first demand of the redresser of wrongs had been a requisition upon the Lombards and other foreign merchants to furnish him with armour and weapons, six horses fully equipped, and one thousand marks of ready money. "And if this our demand be not observed and done," so ran the instruction, "we shall have the heads of as many as we can get of them." This proved to be the very keynote of his mission. With

opportunities to plunder everywhere opening out before him, the predatory instincts of Cade and his followers could not be repressed. Good men and true were there: worthy descendants of the Englishmen who met on the field of Runnymede; but Cade was surrounded also by the *canaille* who in every age conspire to pull down that which was immediately above, and prey upon that which was below. John Ball's socialism was in its robber and ruffian stages.

The citizens of London were quick to discern this. Sympathy with the cause passed rapidly into distrust of the leader: the experiences of twenty-four hours convinced them that their welcome must clothe itself in armour and carry a sword.

Meanwhile Payn had been engaged in the task of preventing the spoliation of his master's goods, and in watching the ravishment of his own. Had self-preservation been uppermost in his mind he had easily diverted their unwelcome attentions from himself to his hated lord. Sir John was rich: often must Payn have seen him falling to his accounts, examining the sureties given

him by royal princes and others, to return them to their hiding place with the sigh of satisfaction which accompanies a swelling purse.

But Payn's concern is all for his master, and his master's property. By expostulation, by threats, and by bribes, by exposing himself to the usual menace of beheadal, he succeeded in saving the Southwark residence from being burned or pillaged. This work of salvage seems to have cost him "more than six marks in meat and drink," for he seems to have entertained the rioters for some time at his own charges. Even this did not abate the ill-will of his captors. Cade not only kept him under observation in his own lodging at the White Hart in Southwark, but robbed him of a handsome gown of hodden grey furred with fine beaver, and a brigandine—or leather coat—covered with blue velvet and gilt mail with leg harness. Advantage was taken of his absence from his own chamber in Paston's rents to break into his chest there, and despoil him of "one obligation (note of hand) of mine that was due unto me of £36 by a priest of

Poules, and another obligation of a knight of £10," and a complete suit of Milan armour together with four gowns of greater or less value.

Events in the meantime were moving swiftly on to Cade's discomfiture. On July 2nd, the city gave him a welcome; by July 4th, sympathy had hardened into suspicion, suspicion to consternation and alarm. The Londoners saw their hearth threatened under dastardly strokes. Small difference did it make to them whether they were plundered under the guise of patriotism or in the name of open riot. Politic enough in some respects, quick to discern the advantages of discipline and good behaviour, Cade could not hold his hand when there was any filching to be done. One day, he emptied the house of an unpopular alderman—Philip Malpas by name—"and bare away many goods of his, and in particular much money both in silver and gold, the value of a notable sum, and in specially merchandise as of tin, wood, madder, and alum, with a great quantity of woollen cloth, and many rich jewels, and other notable stuff of feather

beds, bedding, napery, and many a rich cloth of Arras." The next, he acknowledged the hospitality received in the parish of St. Margaret Patten's by the barefaced robbery of his host. With such doings placarded before it, public opinion refused to be satisfied with the vicarious sacrifice of one of his own band hanged (not unjustly) as a common thief. Essaying to cross London Bridge on Sunday—the 5th—the citizens closed the drawbridges and would have none of him. He accepted the situation without dismay, perceiving four hundred years in advance of Blucher, that London was a splendid city to put to the sack. He called his men to arms, made to himself friends after the manner of the unjust steward in the parable by breaking open the prisons of the King's Bench and Marshalsea, and forming a fresh company out of the liberated felons, then made to carry the metropolis by assault. And with this attempt begins another chapter in the discomfort of John Payn.

Within the White Hart, where he was kept under observation, there was for several days no circumstance of novelty, but on Sunday

evening he was drawn from his obscurity and driven into an unwilling and luckless prominence. From this point, all deadly earnest though they were, his enterprises touch upon the farcical. Through such a sea of contrarieties had he to steer his way that his fate compelled him to be loyal and disloyal, true to his king, and yet combatant in the ranks of his liege's enemies. Cade spared him nothing, but thrust him into the very forefront of the conflict. Behold him, then, issuing from the inn at Southwark, one in the great "multytude of riffe-raffe," of gentlemen, peasants, yeomen, thieves, and gaol-birds who rush townwards, following his leaders through the streets on the Surrey side with such wry face as we may fancy. The Bridge lies before him; its defenders, with "the good old Lord Scales and Matthew Gough" at their head, bar the way. The rebels march with songs and cheering for Jack Mendall: silence lies on the Bridge, where the clamours of the pavement and the cries of the booths have given place to a sinister quiet. Torches flare here and there and pikes are tossing.

A more confused or hazardous battle-ground it would be difficult to select. Along its parapets there are houses with pointed roofs whose storeys project and overhang the Thames. The chapel of St. Thomas à Becket stands in the midst; above all the white turrets of the Tower look down upon the fighting. The shouting draws nearer and yet more near; soon the assault swarms against the causeway; the arrows fall like leaves; the defenders sally hotly over the drawbridge; each side utters its cry as they ply their weapons. The narrow streets leading to the Bridge vomit armed men, yet the citizens are hard put to it to hold their own, and are slowly driven back to the centre.

For many hours together and for miles around the coil of battle terrifies good people from their slumbers or their beds. At midnight a lurid flame rushes into the sky: the drawbridge is fired, many of its defenders dying where they stand, or toppling over into the swift stream beneath. So the conflict shifts from one part of the Bridge to another like a heavy cloud: the kennels run smoking red. Sometimes the smoke lifts, and you

can see for a twinkling a very pale and rueful figure, pressing on with involuntary vigour, and urged into the very places he is most anxious to avoid. On the ebb and the flood of the fierce tide of battle, the rebel *malgré lui* is borne helplessly backward and forward like flotsam on the wave. He brandishes a sword with no more menace in it than the brand of a strolling player. But impelled as he is into the thick of the *mêlée*, no histrionic ability can save him, and as the midsummer morning is dawning he is carried from the press grievously wounded.

At nine o'clock it is still a drawn battle, but with a spell in the fighting comes the opportunity of the king's councillors. For the last time Cade holds a conference with those in authority; two archbishops and a bishop meet him in St. Margaret's Church, and in the name of their sovereign promise a redress of grievances with an assurance of pardon for the Commons of Kent and their captain, Mortimer.

The rebellion was at an end. The proclamation broke the wandering power of the rebels more than an armed force. No just

cause (and their cause was just), no windy eloquence, could hold out against it. The hangman was not kept hard at work as in Tyler's uprising, nevertheless the means employed were as effective as though hundreds had swung from the gibbets. The better men laid down their arms at once; they saw in their continuance only work for Tower Hill. The baser sort, of whom there were an increasing number, left off fighting and fell to their own trade with a will. What had been a commando formidable with honest demands became a pack of thieves.

Cade made no attempt to stop this traffic, but offered them an evil example. The serious business of reform being off his mind, he gave himself up joyously to his own diversions. Trusting to the pardon granted to "Mortimer," he made his way into the country plundering on every hand. The patriot entirely disappeared; the freebooter stood confessed. He was no precisian in morals, as we are already aware, but by all accounts he was never so ill inspired as in his last journey out of town. His passage was attended by the execrations of those he had

robbed, or his followers had maltreated. A barge, laden with his spoils, preceded him to Rochester: thither he came raising new commotions on the way. At Queenborough he made an attempt to capture the castle, but was successfully resisted by Roger Chamberlain.

But he was now to discover the poor protection afforded by an alias. "Mortimer" had been amnestied, but Jack Cade was proclaimed. On the 12th of July a price of a thousand marks was set upon his head; the hue and cry were raised in every direction, and vengeance came upon him in the person of the man who had succeeded to the office of the murdered Sheriff of Kent. After skulking in lanes, lying perdu in the woods, hiding his head in any place of obscurity, Cade was surprised and made prisoner by Alexander Iden. Desperately wounded in the struggle, he was placed in a cart, and breathed his last whilst the vehicle jolted on its way to London. The cart with the naked corpse in it, stopped at the door of the White Hart Inn that the landlady might identify in the poor fallen flesh her imperious

guest of a week agone. So Jack Cade came to town again.

After the fashion of those days, hateful ceremonies were enacted over the ruins of the sometime Mortimer. They mangled the heedless body, and sent it in quarters to the four ends of England; the witless head they fastened on London Bridge, from which pinnacle the skull of Jack Cade grinned at the passers-by for many a long day. The great revolt was done: the hour of penalty and death was at hand.

Of the men who had abandoned their homes and disturbed the tranquillity of the country, the greater number returned to their places in peace. Some were less fortunate. Taken—red-handed—they were summarily decapitated, head after head finding its resting place near that of the leader, until the great highway between the city and the south was garnished with these horrid ornaments.

Others of the malcontents were cast into gaol to await their trial. Among these—true to the drawing of his unlucky star—was Payn. The malice of Cade had wrought its perfect work. In the "alarums—excursions—

parties fighting" of the Battle of the Bridge Payn had played too prominent a part to be overlooked. We may suppose that it was not long before he fell into the toils; we may suppose him alternately protesting to his foes and appealing to his friends. But at the end of all surmising we arrive at the fact that he was one of those who were not amnestied. Attached to the household of Fastolf, he was a marked man, not so much for his own delinquencies as for the opportunity of striking at his lord.

It is not unlikely that Queen Margaret would have welcomed any opportunity of confiscating the wealth of her consort's Privy Councillor; it is certain that on the complaint of the Bishop of Rochester her prerogative was used, and Payn was soon lying in one of the prison cells so carefully emptied by the Captain of Kent. Neither his obscurity, nor his fidelity, nor a predicament beyond his own ordering, spared him one pang of the humiliation and suffering of the Marshalsea, "the nursery of all manner of wickedness." That night when in his squalid lodging he reviewed the trouble, weariness,

anxiety of his adventure; when he beheld the ruin of his own fortunes and the danger of his lord; when he found himself, to use his own words, "in fear of mine life, and threatened to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered," and under pressure "to have impeached my Master Fastolf of treason," his heart must have overflowed with bitterness, and it was only by a serious call on his fortitude that he refrained from despair.

But he was not forsaken of his friends. Discredited as a politician, and suspected of sympathy with the pretensions of the Duke of York, Fastolf could do little to save a life which otherwise was forfeit and dishonoured. Humbler helpers at court were to serve him better. Certain kinsfolk of his own—yeomen of the crown—craved access to the king, and succeeded in procuring for him a charter of freedom.

Payn had managed to shave the gallows, but not to return to the outer air a free man. On the Patent Roll, 30 King Henry VI., we trace the history of his last exploit. His misadventures, begun in one ignominious procession, were to end in another.

The July of the rebellion had gone and given place to a midsummer more peaceful. It was the month in which, according to "A short English Chronicle," "the king went in to Kent to Canterbury, and sat and did great justice upon those that rose with the captain." As the royal retinue, with all its pomp and circumstance, passed through the southern shire, it was met by a lamentable crowd of supplicants, those, to quote the official document, who, after inciting a formidable rebellion against the king's peace, and shamefully planning certain traitorous designs against his Majesty's person, "influenced by a spirit of greater prudence, with the greatest humiliation and bare to their thighs, confessed in our presence the enormity of their crimes, and anxiously, and with a profusion of tears, begged for pardon from us." Amongst the men who thus knelt and obtained forgiveness was "John Payn of Peckham, yeoman, otherwise called John Payn, lately of East Peckham, smith." Still in the clutches of irony, he must sue the king's clemency for the suffering and losses sustained in the king's service.

Henceforth his place belongs to obscurity, and, as we know, to neglect.

It would have been pleasant to record that Sir John out of his abundance indemnified him for his charges in that mission of disaster. But the name of John Payn finds no place in the testament which was signed by Howys and Paston. Like another faithful dependent, William of Worcester, Payn may have trusted to the deathbed dispositions of his lord, only to be disappointed and to be left to lament the trifling assets which remained to him when his visitation was over.

Fastolf, though loaded with wealth and honours, the results of his French campaigns, speaks of his services as "never yet guerdoned or rewarded." Yet the poor unrewarded veteran died possessed of sixteen manors, landed estates in forty-nine different places, and coined money to the value of £40,000 of our present currency. His ingratitude provided Payn with a grievance till the end of his days: spoiling the taste of his food, and mingling his drink with ashes. Fifteen years after the rebellion we

find him rehearsing his ancient wrongs and claiming justice at the unlikely hands of Paston, the new owner of Caister Castle. Fastolf, cumbered to the last with estates and treasures which slipped from him so easily when he entered into the cloud, died in advanced old age in 1459: Payn much later. So they went their ways: the master to the magnificent tomb in St. Benet's Abbey: the man, with the hurts to his fortune still uncured, to the old dwelling-place of his forefathers.

# THE CHRONICLE OF SALIMBENE

This is the story of the wild Guelf and Ghibelline days when Italy was a bear-garden. We owe it to a wandering friar of St. Francis Assisi, who loved his order much, but loved paper and ink more. He was that Salimbene (*Bene salisti*—"well hast thou jumped") who sprang into the clamours and conflict of the thirteenth century, his armour a frock and girdle, a pen in place of a sword. Not greatly distinguished above the men of his day, he has outlasted them by more than six hundred years, surviving in the tale he has told of his life and the people who moved in it. Discursive enough and remote, that story will keep its charm so long as it is true that nothing which has interested men and women, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time or zeal, can wholly lose its vitality.

A comparison between this early chronicler and our own Samuel Pepys is almost inevitable. Both are gossips; both have frankness, humour, vivacity, with a keen eye to all that is passing around them. Their writings had a common fate. Through the whole of one century and a quarter of another the bewildered MSS. of the diarist lay dead and buried in his old college of Magdalen. But four hundred years before Pepys commenced his confidences the Chronicle of Salimbene was defying the moths, out of sight and almost out of mind, in the Conti Library. It was known to exist, that was all. Stray scholars consulted it; for the rest, it was like to achieve the equivocal celebrity which springs from neglect, the celebrity Voltaire ascribed to Dante, "His reputation will be ever on the increase, because he is so little read." After many vicissitudes the manuscript found its way into the solemn wilderness of the Vatican, where its pages were entirely withdrawn from the gaze of the student. Pope after pope (it may be supposed) drew near, gave a shocked glance at its disclosures, threw up his hands in horror,

and made the place of its captivity yet more secure. It was reserved for Leo XIII.—scholar and man of tolerance—to bring with him the day of its resurrection.

The two writers were alike in the merciless expurgation which awaited them, one for his indecencies, the other for his indiscretions, propriety hiding its face from the first, whilst ecclesiastical susceptibilities demanded the suppression of the second. So many pages have been cut out of Salimbene's script that the narrative in its integrity will never now be read. Scholarship in France and Germany has done all that is possible to make the friar speak with unbridled tongue, preparing the way in our own country for Miss Macdonell's vivacious account of him in her "Sons of Francis," above all for Mr. Coulton's translation of all that is of primary interest in the history.

Finally, under cover of a certain coyness, both Pepys and Salimbene, so it may be asserted, intended their work to be made public. The diarist wrote in cipher, and left a key in the shorthand under cover of which he committed his most secret thoughts to

paper; Salimbene set down his records ostensibly for the entertainment of his favourite niece, a nun of the Poor Clares, but the pains he declared himself to have taken to secure accuracy seem to tell of his hope of a wider circulation than a cloistered cell. Moreover his account of men and manners degenerated into a *chronique scandaleuse* more fitted to the camp than the convent.

Salimbene made his appearance upon the scene at a fascinating period of history. The mediæval world was passing away; the world of modern thought and life was coming to the birth. It was an age of startling contrasts, of moral monsters and sweet-natured saints; of Roger Bacon anticipating modern enlightenment, and of St. Dominic plucking a sparrow alive to dislodge the foul fiend incarnate in the unhappy bird; of gloriously illuminated missals, and of monks who sold them in fragments for charms; an age when gunpowder was invented and the gospel of peace and goodwill was most powerfully proclaimed; when chivalry still rode to the Crusades wearing its lady's gage d'amour, and still came back to treat woman at her worst;

a time when men climbed up into heaven to see visions of unspeakable rapture, when they went down into the deepest abysses of hell, the hell of cruelty, lust, oppression figured by Dante. An epoch of the earth earthy, it yet refused to look on anything in a purely secular way. Living amidst all these miseries which distracted Italy in the thirteenth century, with strong men ever lawless, the well disposed grown weak and cowardly, with religion able neither to guide nor restrain Society, but only to offer "death-bed consolations to its victims"—at such an hour Salimbene looked around him, not so much with dismay as with an ironic curiosity.

He presents himself to us in many guises. A politician, he enters into the hopes and fears and ambitions of his day. Guelf, not Ghibelline, he prefers to walk under the shadow of the papal robe rather than cower beneath the skirts of the Emperor.

A scholar, his learning displays itself in the many volumes he had to his credit, though he was unable, in the midst of incessant activities, to maintain an exact scholarship.

As a theologian, he shares in the magnifi-

cent ideals which he had seen springing up almost in a night only to recede as he gazed upon them. For him the Franciscan is the very marrow of faith and devotion; he looks upon other religionists in much the same way that the actor who plays Hamlet may be supposed to regard the man who plays the cock. His were the days of the Pastoureaux, that host of fanatic shepherds which overran France designing a new Crusade; of the followers of Segarello, crying with loud voice a hundred times or more "Pater, Pater, Pater"; of Gerardino's bogus Apostles, and of many another visionary. Victims, one and all of them, of some fantastic theory, they are treated at length and with unaffected contempt.

But it is as a traveller that the calling and election of the chronicler are made specially sure. On the road, in the course of wanderings which were to last for thirty-six years, he falls in with high and low, rich and poor, eating now of the bread which he had begged, now sitting at the banquet of popes and kings. Year by year we see him picking his way amongst un-

known peoples, eyeing with eager glance the food they eat, the dress they wear, the flowers that grow in their fields. Year by year, he is never at rest, this man of many friends, ever passing to and fro on foot through great cities and little whitewashed villages, climbing amongst folded hills or through rocky mountain passes, resting now in lonely hermitages and now in crowded inns. And all this with the true vagabond's instinct, that sense of the movement of life around him, that quickness in feeling and in observing that make him an all but perfect traveller.

He has the wayfarer's eye for the weather and natural phenomena. The great frost and snow of January 1234, when the vines and fruit trees were destroyed; the night forays of the starving wolves into the centres of population; the frozen Po with its horsemen on the march; the miraculous weather of 1266, when May blossomed right through the year that the hosts of the Church's enemies might be discomfited; the horror of an eclipse filling the streets of Lucca with distracted men and women, and the

wonder of it as it quenched the sun at mid-day till the stars could be seen, and a pale moon hung in the sky in form of a cross; the comet of 1264, which vanished with the passing of Urban of unfriendly memory; the immense swarms of butterflies in one year; in another, the vast multitude of gnats which made men aweary of their lives with importunate bites; the disease which fell upon the poultry yards in 1286, so that "in the city of Cremona, a single woman lost within a brief space forty-eight hens"—all these find a record in his pages.

Salimbene was a native of Parma, no mean city. Like many another Italian town of its period, it bore in its face traces of the bloodiest passions of mankind and of its nobler aspirations. Flames had blackened it; rams had battered it; the weather of a thousand years had fretted it. Its crowded and narrow streets were but a collection of rival castles, less homes than a common refuge, in those dreadful days when combats raged through the city, and its walls were speckled all over with fellow-citizens' blood. From his youth Salimbene was

familiar with bloodshed. So full are his pages of battles, sieges, skirmishes, massacres, and vengeance that, with Miss Macdonell, we wonder in these tame days how any other industry could be carried on save forging spears and digging graves. Yet the outward and visible appearance of peace was not wanting. Salimbene's home lay in the shadow of the great Cathedral and Baptistery which dominated Parma. Here the fiercest and most relentless of fighters had received the chrism and the salt; hither they came to give and take the ring of marriage, to receive the sacrament and with that solemn pledge to renounce their feuds and accept in amity the hands of their enemies.

Small love had the chronicler for his birthplace. He gives us what were familiar sights to him, the city in alarm, the enemy at the gate, the bells swinging from matins till vespers, its beacons flaring through the night. He shows us the shopkeepers minding their wares and counting their gains, but ready to fly to arms, since fight they must "when every wind blew an enemy toward them."

Glimpses there are, too, of the great men with their high-handed insolence, and of the populace with their rough reprisals. But the touch of scorn is not withheld. It enters into the description of his townsmen's ambition to get a bell which should be heard in the rival towns of Borgo San Donnino and Reggio—fourteen and seventeen miles away. In spite of large outlays the bells were a failure; the fourth and last of them "fell down from its platform and hurt no man, save that it cut off the foot of a certain young man, wherewith it had once spurned his own father." Bitterness whets his words whenever he speaks of the Parmese. They are a vindictive race. Their saying that a vengeance of thirty years' old is timely enough had become a truism, so dear was a vendetta to their hearts. But his severest count against them was their impiety and their expressed contempt for the friars.

In Parma had lived from generation to generation the race of grave and dignified men from whom Salimbene claimed kinship. Amongst them were noted soldiers and jurists.

Some of them lay in effigy with legs crossed as being from the Crusades, whilst others of his ancestors rested their feet upon lions as having died in war. His own father, Guido di Adamo, was an old Crusader. With the ill-fated Baldwin, Count of Flanders, he had sailed for the Holy Land in an expedition destined neither to touch the power of the Syrian Sultan nor to strike one blow on the soil of Palestine, a failure relieved only by that triumphal hour when Baldwin was borne on the shields of his comrades into the Church of Sancta Sophia, there to be invested with the purple buskins of the Emperor of the East.

Though a son of Adamo, Salimbene did not go by his true name. In childhood and youth he was known by a nickname, Ognibene (all good). Whether his father bestowed upon him the name which he despised of a patriarch he underrated, or whether his reticence arose from a wish—early and vehemently expressed—to divorce himself from everything associated with a worldly career, cannot be ascertained. All that we can know is that he never calls himself by the

family name. With a degree of complacency he gives us to understand that he was sometimes called after Balian of Sidon, formerly Viceroy in the Holy Land for the Emperor Frederick II. This famous lord had held the infant at the font. Had Salimbene chosen a name for himself it would have been Dionysius, as he was born on the fête day of that saint. No portrait of his youth or manhood remains. We can believe that, by the grace of heritage, he was of a comely countenance like his father before him; we may be sure that he was not wanting in charm of voice and manner. An excellent mimic and story-teller, he was also a musician and eloquent. He appears to have been of a robust frame; to him was fitly addressed the remonstrance, at a time when the brethren were menaced and ill treated by marauders, "Why did ye not cudgel them?"

Portents accompanied his birth. Before he was a year old occurred that earthquake which shook the whole of Lombardy, and gave Salimbene occasion for a life-long resentment. Amidst the quaking of the earth, the roar of falling masonry, the pitiful cries

of maimed and dying, his mother had forgotten what was due to him and his sex. Let us hear his own description of the wrong. "My mother hath told me how at the time of the earthquake I lay in my cradle, and how she caught up my two sisters, one under each arm, for they were but babes as yet. So leaving me in my cradle, she ran to the house of her father and mother and brethren, for she feared (as she said) lest the Baptistery should fall on her, since our house was hard by. Whereupon I have never since loved her so dearly, seeing that she should have cared more for me, her son, than for her daughters." Something might have been forgiven the poor lady for the panic and a woman's fear, yet Salimbene found her offence unpardonable. The affection which was her due he transferred to his grandmother, a dame who lived to be a hundred years old. With a detached air of justice he admits that his mother had many admirable qualities, being truly devout, not given to break the heads of her maid-servants after the fashion of the great ladies of Parma. She completed the modest cycle of her virtues by dying in

the odour of sanctity, a professed sister of the Poor Clares.

We know little of Salimbene's youth until he comes to fifteen years of age. We see him growing up amidst the lads and maids of the Umbrian city—brown, shy-eyed girls, and lanky boys stretching up into the graceful striplings who are still to be found there. We see him fascinating his little comrades with his winning ways, as he was in later days to attract the regards of his fellows from kings to peasants. A saving sense of humour displays itself in him from the beginning, redeeming the tendency to primness and a smug conceit of himself. But beneath the cheerful exterior of the lad lay the deep religious feeling, inherited from his race, which was soon to draw him with bands of iron. There came early to him the austere and serious girding of the loins of youth; while still a boy he yielded himself to the ardent desire for withdrawal from a world that was out of joint. Yet he who had this fine touch for things spiritual did not after his conversion, to the good fortune of his readers, forget the old gods. He preserved as a friar

that interest in the great pulsating world around him which had marked his earlier days. It belongs to the quality of his mind to concern itself very largely with the men and women of the period, and it is to this quality that so much of freshness and fire in his history are owing.

Upon the boy Salimbene the hopes of his house were fastened. Guido, his elder brother, a judge and married, was no better than a dead man since he had surrendered his birthright for an anchorite's cell. Nicholas, the second of Guido's sons, had withered away whilst yet a child. Only Salimbene remained to uphold what was so dear to the heart of a father, the honours of the family name. But the youth had other designs already indicated. For one thing, he hated war like a Quaker. And war was ever rearing its horrid front before him. Before he attained his seventeenth year he had seen the van of Frederick's mighty host moving out to bring fire and sword into the rebel cities of Lombardy; had seen the great war elephant, with tower and pennons on its back, thrusting its way through the terrified streets of

Parma, with those others, camels, dromedaries, and leopards that the emperor used to astonish and affright his subjects. He had seen, too, the relics of battle garnishing the sacred walls of the Baptistery and Cathedral, and most moving of all, perhaps, had listened to the lamentable cry for help from Modena when Parma itself was incapable of striking a blow for her neighbour and friend.

To him, therefore, sickened with the taint of blood, it was no great thing to yield up an inheritance which meant danger and the proof of arms. His longings to have done with a world in which hearts might well sink and faith find its eclipse, were quickened into determination by the tempest of revival which fell upon his country before he was thirteen. Beneath its movement the dry bones revived. Northern Italy seemed to be regenerate. Parma became changed. Ribaldry and licentiousness disappeared from its streets, the churches were crowded with worshippers, the alms-boxes were no longer contemptuously disregarded. Chief amongst the leaders of this Alleluia came black avized

Brother Benedict. "He was like another John the Baptist to behold, as one who should go before the Lord and make ready for Him a perfect people. He had on his head an Armenian cap, his beard was long and black, and he had a little horn of brass, wherewith he trumpeted; terribly did his horn bray at times, and at other times it would make dulcet melody. He was girt with a girdle of skin, his robe was black as sackcloth of hair, and falling even to his feet. His rough mantle was made like a soldier's cloak, adorned both before and behind with a red cross, broad and long, from the collar to the foot, even as the cross of a priest's chasuble. Thus clad he went about with his horn, preaching and praising God in the churches and the open places; and a great multitude of children followed him, oft-times with branches of trees and lighted tapers."

Like other revivals, the Alleluia withdrew as suddenly as it had come, the old life returned with its seven attendant devils, and the populace so recently moved by the impulse of an invisible conscription turned with a greedier zest than ever to their feuds and

their frivolities. Yet not in vain had the call come to Salimbene. It had fixed his destiny. Already the spell of St. Francis Assisi had been cast upon him. Though there remained only the pathetic remembrance of a vanished presence, he had nourished his heart in the sayings and doings of the sweetest of the saints, eager to enlist under the banner already drawing to itself many of the salt of the earth. The unworldliness of Francis, his unquenchable cheerfulness, his love for all things great and small, his visions of a new heaven and a new earth, the very legend which told how a great multitude of larks flew down over the roof of the house where the saint lay a-dying, "and all flying together, wheeling and circling, seemed to be praising God," these things drew the quick and enthusiastic temper of the boy into a dream of spirituality that never quite forsook him through the disenchantments of his later years.

It is true that many of the Franciscans, unsanctified of heart, had fallen from the simplicities and the splendour of their master's teaching. Enough for Salimbene that the

ideal existed, that some were to be found who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

So it befell that one night the lad of sixteen, with a single companion, withdrew himself secretly from his father's house to throw himself on the protection of a convent near at hand. He had but to run a few hundred yards, yet in that short space he was to leave behind him for ever kith and kin, inheritance, the hope of posterity, and much that is dearest to men. His very name was to be put aside. The last brother whom the blessed Francis had robed received him soon afterwards with the words, "From henceforwards be thou called no more Ognibene but Brother Salimbene, for thou hast well leapt, in that thou hast entered into a good order."

Welcomed by the kindly monks, he was incontinently brought face to face with the rigours of his new career. He who remained till the end of his days a lover of good cheer must needs content himself with sodden cabbages—a vegetable his soul abhorred. He swallows, but the tear stands in his eye. "I thought," he solemnly declares, "of the words of Job, 'Things which before

my soul would not touch now through anguish are my meats.'"

There were things before him, however, of more insistence than his bill of fare. Stout old Guido di Adamo was beside himself with rage when he heard of the flight and sanctuary of his son. His devotion to the Church and its earthly representative none might gainsay, but he resented the loss of his son and heir, grudged him to what was an existence rather than a career, nor hesitated to make every effort (including piracy if we are to believe Salimbene) to recover him from the friars. He addressed an appeal to the emperor who, nothing loath, demanded from the head of the Order the return of young Adamo. The Franciscans, anticipating a hue and cry, removed the neophyte to Fano in the Mark of Ancona, some one hundred and fifty miles from Parma. Here his father, armed with Frederick's mandate, followed him, and here in the chapter-house before all the brethren ensued a dramatic scene upon which Salimbene loved to dwell, a scene in which the zeal of the convert shows to

better advantage than the natural affection of the son. "For when the brethren and the laymen had assembled in the chapter-house, and many words had been bandied to and fro, my father brought forth the letter of the Minister-General, and showed it to the brethren. Whereupon Brother Jeremiah, the custode, having read it, replied to my father, 'My Lord Guido, we have compassion for your grief, and are ready to obey the letter of our father. But here is your son: he is of age, let him speak for himself. Enquire ye of him: if he is willing to go with you, let him go in God's name. But if not, we cannot do him violence, that he should go with you.' My father asked therefore whether I would go with him or not. To whom I answered, 'No; for the Lord saith, "No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."' And my father said to me: 'Thou hast no care then for thine own father and mother, who are afflicted with divers pains for thy sake?' To whom I made answer, 'No care have I in truth, for the Lord saith, "He that

loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me." Thou, therefore, father, shouldst have a care for Him who, for our sake, hung on a tree, that He might give us eternal life. For He it is who saith, "For I came to set a man at variance against his father,"' &c. &c. (Matt. x. 32, 33, 35, 36). And the brethren marvelled and rejoiced that I spake thus to my father. Then said he to the brethren, 'Ye have bewitched and deceived my son, lest he should obey me. I will complain to the emperor again, concerning you, and to the Minister-General. Yet suffer me to speak with my son secretly and apart; and ye shall see that he will follow me without delay.' So the brethren suffered me to speak alone with my father, since they had some small confidence in me because of my words that I had even now spoken. Yet they listened behind the partition to hear what manner of talk we had: for they quaked as a rush quakes in the water, lest my father by his blandishments should change my purpose. And they feared not only for the salvation of my soul, but also

lest my departure should give occasion to others not to enter the Order. My father, therefore, said to me: 'Beloved son, put no faith in these filthy drivellers who have deceived thee, but come with me, and all that I have will I give unto thee.' And I answered, and spake to my father: 'Hence, hence, father; the Wise Man saith in his Proverbs, in the third chapter, "Hinder not from well-doing him who hath the power: if thou art able, do good thyself also."' And my father answered, even weeping, and said to me, 'What then, my son, can I say to thy mother, who mourneth for thee day and night?' And I spake unto him: 'Say unto her for my part, thus saith thy son: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."' My father, hearing all this, and despairing of my return, threw himself upon the earth in the sight of the brethren and the layfolk who had come with him, and cried, 'I commit thee to a thousand devils, accursed son, together with thy brother who is here with thee, and who also hath helped to deceive thee. My curse cleave to thee through all eternity

and send thee to the devils of hell!' And so he departed, troubled beyond measure; but we remained in great consolation, giving thanks unto God, and saying to Him, 'Though they curse, yet bless Thou. For he who is blessed above the earth, let him be blessed in God. Amen.' So the lay-folk departed, much edified at my constancy." It is difficult to resist the conclusion that Salimbene smacked somewhat of the prig, the anguish of his father moving him as little as his mother's love. If the decision cost him some pangs, if a father's curse oppressed him, he had, he assures us, his consolations. Long after he recalls how his heart thrilled with unspeakable tenderness before a vision that glorified the night following his great renunciation. There came to him, as he lay before the altar, the Blessed Virgin; not she of the Sorrowful Way, but our Lady of Love with her bambino. She comforted the kneeling lad, and bade him kiss the Holy Child whom he had openly confessed before men. Much comforted by his dream, he enjoyed the sleep of youth and health until the morning with its summons to prayer.

Thus he entered into his vocation; thus he commenced those studies of which he said on St. Gilbert's Day, forty-six years afterwards, that they had never ceased to occupy him even though he had not attained to the wisdom of his ancestors. Though the uneventful days common to those who had forsworn the world were not for him, yet his life was now to be narrowed and circumscribed. At Fano were passed some of the happiest days of his life: it was his good fortune to find himself amongst brethren who had not been touched by the prevailing degeneracy. In this quiet retreat by the seashore the rules of St. Francis were still cherished and revered. Of the Order into which he had entered he was, in truth, to learn many things disconcerting. If it be true that the way to perfection is through a series of disgusts, Salimbene was quickly on the road to his apotheosis. But there is little doubt that time and the grim realities of living soon lowered his own spiritual crest. Never at any time a mere hireling priest, undoubtedly his soul had been broken in pieces. Nevertheless the human spirit and

the fellowship of baser souls were too much for those rarefied ecstasies of which the saint of Assisi had given the mode. He found that already those who were under the injunction of their founder, "I strictly forbid the brethren, all and single, to accept coin, and money in any way, whether directly or through a third person," had large possessions and an itching palm. Vowed to abstinence, they loved dainty dishes and choice wines; summoned to penance and rigours of the flesh, "they spared their bodies almost as tenderly as the relics of saints." Already the humble and meek had been exalted after an unscriptural fashion, the hodden grey had burgeoned into the cardinal's red. The rival Cistercians, disdainful of all finery, whose churches lay in the hollows unturreted and unadorned, saw with contemptuous scorn, within sixty years of the death of St. Francis, Franciscan churches which assaulted the skies, reflecting their light in the gold and bedizenment of their decorations. Even Moorish palaces were added to them, that the testimony might be yet more plain that these great domed heaps, "these shin-

ing churches, could never ape Christian humility."

The difficulty of monastic rule is well displayed in the career of Elias, that stark friar under whom Salimbene commenced his novitiate. If his reputation is not greatly forward, the fault lies at Salimbene's door. The chronicle abounds in stories of his pride and luxury. Son of a mattress-maker and born into a poor estate, his fortunes waxed so great that even men of rank and importance might stand in his presence unrecognised and without salutation. His haughtiness undid him. It drove him first from his office into alliance with Frederick II., excommunicate and at war with the pope, finally into exile at Cortona of the heights, where he died under the ban of His Holiness, eating out his heart like another Napoleon at St. Helena. This was no common man who governed an unruly community with rod of iron, yet possessed the qualities of heart which endeared him to Francis, and made him friend and confidant of pope and emperor even whilst they were at death's grip with each other. Fallen,

excommunicate, and in exile, he died not alone. He was attended by the companionship and affection of his cook and the dozen friars or so whom he had in the days of his power specially attached to himself.

The coarseness of the age was seen at its worst amongst the brethren of whom he was the head; many of the stories of Salimbene are disgustful, and may well be kept to the limbo of the original manuscript. The injunctions issued from time to time by those who held rule seem more fitted for disorderly schoolboys than for grown men in a sacred service. Little importance need be attached to a venial offence like sleeping in church. The friars, being somewhat winded with their singing, and a good deal wearied with other exercises, lay back in their stalls, and were presently overwhelmed by slumber. In his apology for the snores which broke in upon and drowned the mutterings at the altar, Salimbene deprecates the inordinate length of the services: "For these things beget sheer weariness, not only in summer, when we are harassed by fleas and the nights are short and the heat is intense, but

in winter also. . . . And it would be well if they were changed, for they are full of uncouth stuff, though not every man can see this." But what shall we say of the irreverence in church; the laughter, indecent in its heartiness; the crowings over a word mispronounced or a reader who had lost his place; the spitting on the floor; the impropriety which confused the use of the vestments with that of a pocket handkerchief? Out of church some, if not many, were gluttonous and addicted to winebibbing, unclean in their persons and habits, despising the daily bath for themselves and regarding it as an affectation in others, given to lewdness of talk. With such disciples we cannot wonder at the severe rule of a disciplinarian like Elias.

But if the Minister-General could be harsh with the many, he could be indulgent to the few. The lad who had forsaken home and lands and kindred for the Lord's sake had a special place in his regard, therefore Salimbene who had chosen his own vocation and held to it was permitted to choose his own province. He elected to pass into Tuscany.

There were many reasons for going away: his love of travel; his desire to see the other houses of his Order; the itch for information which could not be appeased by a permanent place of abode; above all, his disquiet in Fano, where he dreaded conspiracies of his father to snatch him away from his newly found felicities. Reminders of his home were not wanting to him on his travels. Passing through Pisa with a certain lay brother (whom he describes in uncomplimentary terms with more than a suspicion that the Devil carried him off in the end), he was compelled to beg for his daily bread. To shame was added mortification. As he was asking an alms, a certain man of Parma whom he knew not spake scorpions to him. "He began to upbraid, saying, 'Hence, wretch, hence. Many hired servants in thy father's house have bread enough and to spare, and thou goest from door to door begging from those who lack bread of their own, whereas thou mightest thyself give abundantly to many poor folks. Thou shouldest even now be caracolling through the streets of Parma on thy charger,

and making sad folks merry with tournaments, a fair sight for the ladies and a solace to the minstrels. For thy father wasteth away with grief, and thy mother well-nigh despaireth of God for love of thee, whom she may no longer see." In this same city of Pisa he beheld the earth quaking at midnight. He heard also groanings of its people, listening in terror to a Franciscan brother who made the pulpit of the Cathedral reek with smoke from the nether pit what time he improved the occasion from the words, "Yet a little while—and I will move the heaven and the earth and the dry land."

During the travels of these earlier years he made many friends. It is not for nothing that of all the figures he chose to stand for the life of his times, those only emerge out of the gloom who had stood in a personal relation to himself. Amidst the tale of wicked Italy, its delirium of lust and blood, it is pleasant to find the portraits of one or two good men and women. His good men we may credit, for Salimbene never mistook sanctimony for piety. Such an one was

Brother Henry, the eloquent preacher, the kindly, generous man of God, so marvellously sweet of voice that "whenever nightingale sang in hedge or thicket it would cease at the voice of his song, listening most earnestly to him, as if rooted to the spot." Surely this friar is worthy of everlasting remembrance in that he was so courteous that "he never excused himself when he was asked to sing, pleading that he had strained his voice, or was hoarse, from cold or from any other reason." In this fellowship, too, were Brother Nicholas, sometime Minister of Hungary, yet humble beyond all men, discharging all duties of charity and courtesy in spite of his age and corpulence; Brother Thomas of Paira, who reformed the Province of Tuscany and was a very dear friend of Salimbene. Chief of the Knights of the Round Table was John of Parma, who rose to be General of his Order. Upon him whose "face was that of an angel, gracious and ever cheerful," the praise of the chronicle is poured out. A man of extraordinary burning zeal he was, as all the world knew, of sound ecclesiastical sagacity, and of unchanging simplicity. At the head of his

Order he remained a hardy, frugal brother, tirelessly tramping the roads, admitted like any other wanderer to the shelter of the convents "for the love of God," eating, drinking, working like the rest. Salimbene had even seen him cleaning the vegetables when on a visit. During his rule he was called upon to determine matters great and small, from affairs of high politics to the serious case of Guido of Massario, who snored so loudly o' nights with Falstaffian power, that Bologna was aware of it, and his convent could not sleep. Failing to please everybody, John retired from his headship with even more willingness than he had entered it.

If the domestic affections had no power to draw Salimbene from his wanderings, there came a calling from his native city which he might not resist. Parma was besieged. The Ghibelline had been cast out from its walls. Fortune, which had long wavered between the rival lilies, finally turned against the white one, till "the name of Ghibelline had become as proscribed in Italy as Jacobite was once in Scotland, or papist in England, or royalist in France." The emperor,

chagrined beyond measure at the debacle of his allies, had hastened to enclose his enemies within the toils.

In Salimbene's pages, Frederick appears in the light of a special dispensation sent, like another Attila, to be the scourge of mankind. And he goes far to justify the description, if a tithe of the epithets showered upon him were deserved. Here is a bouquet culled from the flowers of Salimbene's rhetoric. "Fuit homo suspitious, qui multos libenter vituperabat et confundebat ut eos posset tenere sub baculo; quos volebat, exaltabat, et quos volebat humiliabat; homo versipellis, callidus et malitiosus, et subdola vulpes, vilis et abjectus hypocrita: homo pestifer et maledictus."

It is probable that few men have lived endowed with greater natural gifts, or with natural gifts more sedulously cultivated, than the last emperor of the House of Swabia. The "stupor mundi" of the English chronicler well befits him. He stands, like some Byronic hero, marked off no less by his gifts and achievements than by his dark and sinister passions.

In these unfriendly pages we see him at

his worst; his vices untempered, his enormities darkened by strokes of exaggeration and hatred. Yet, revile him as he will, Salimbene retains a lurking admiration for the man who could cut off a notary's thumb for a clerical error in spelling his name; who could feed two men most excellently at dinner, sending them afterwards the one to sleep, another to the hunt, and then causing them to be disembowelled in his presence to know which had digested the better; who was filled with such a lust of cruelty that he spared neither his intimates nor his foes, keeping no man's friendship, but rather boasting that he had never nourished a pig but that at the last he had its grease; who could do all these things and still be the great warrior, statesman, lawyer, the first patron of the new-born speech and civilisation which grew up under the shadow of his Sicilian court. "To be brief, if he had been rightly Catholic, and had loved God and His Church, he would have had few emperors his equal in the world."

A struggle between the men of the empire and the men of the Church was inevitable.

Each claimed (and allowed) a world supremacy, until the forces designed in theory to work in harmonious co-operation appeared in real history as the bitterest of rivals. Frederick feared neither God nor man; neither the armies which started up at their overlord's summons, nor that potent engine at the pope's back—the ban which blasts a man's soul. The pope, on his part, was determined to crush his formidable adversary. Frederick was raging "like a bear robbed of its whelps." From the quarrel flowed one of the most savage contests of which history has a record. How between the upper and the nether mill-stone the unhappy country in its divided allegiance was squeezed, we may learn from many a sad description.

Ezzelino da Romana was a lieutenant of as fell a spirit as his master, jousting merrily with his knights around the smoking ruins in which he had caused 11,000 warriors of Padua to be burnt. "It would be too long to relate his cruelties, for they would fill a great book." War turned the countryside into a wilderness. So busy had men been for years in hunting one another that the beasts of the chase

had grown to a monstrous degree, until the streets of the towns were no longer safe from the inroads of the wild creatures who swarmed around them. In the neighbourhood of Parma and Reggio, and Modena and Cremona, "men could neither plow, nor sow, nor reap, nor till vineyards, nor gather the vintage, nor dwell in the villages: more especially in the districts of Parma and Reggio, and Modena and Cremona. Nevertheless, hard by the town walls, men tilled the fields under guard of the city militia, who were mustered quarter by quarter according to the number of the gates. Armed soldiers thus guarded the peasants at their work all day long: for so it must needs be, by reason of the ruffians and bandits and robbers who were multiplied beyond measure. For they would take men and lead them to their dungeons, to be ransomed for money; and the oxen they drove off to devour or to sell. Such as would pay no ransom they hanged up by their feet or the hands, and tore out their teeth, and extorted payment by laying toads in their mouths, which was more bitter and loathsome than any death. For these men were more

cruel than devils, and one wayfarer dreaded to meet another by the way as he would have dreaded to meet the foul fiend. For each ever suspected that the other would take and lead him off to prison, that 'the ransom of a man's life might be his riches.' And the land was made desert, so that there was neither husbandman nor wayfarer. For in the days of Frederick, and specially from the time when he was deposed from the empire (by the pope), and when Parma rebelled and lifted her head against him, 'the paths rested, and they that went by them walked through bye-ways.' And evils were multiplied on the earth; and the wild beasts and fowls multiplied and increased beyond all measure—pheasants and partridges and quails, hares and roebucks, fallow deer and buffaloes, and wild swine and ravening wolves. For they found no beasts in the villages to devour according to their wont; neither sheep nor lambs, for the villages were burned with fire. Wherefore the wolves gathered together in mighty multitudes round the city moats, howling dismally for exceeding anguish of hunger; and they crept into the cities by

night and devoured men and women and children who slept under the porticoes or in waggons. Nay, at times they would even break through the house-walls and strangle the children in their cradles. No man could believe but if he had seen, as I have, the horrible deeds that were done in those days, both by men and by divers beasts. For the foxes multiplied so exceedingly that two of them even climbed one Lenten-tide to the roof of our infirmary at Faenza, to take two hens which were perched under the roof-tree: and one of them we took in that same convent, as I saw with mine own eyes. For this curse of wars invaded and preyed upon and destroyed the whole of Romagna in the days when I dwelt there. Moreover while I dwelt at Imola, a certain layman told me how he had taken twenty-seven great and fair cats with a snare in certain villages that had been burnt, and had sold their hides to the furriers: which had doubtless been house-cats in those villages in times of peace."

The raising of the siege of Parma gave Salimbene the chance of a lifetime. Having stood face to face with the person and might

of the emperor, he was now to know something of his great protagonist. Along the highways swarming with thousands of his fellows he made his way to Lyons, mingling with Dominicans in black and Carmelites in white, with Benedictines showing white skirts beneath black gowns, and Cistercians of the magpie blend—all jostling on their way to their desired haven—with but little love lost between them. At Lyons dwelt the pope. Hither into the presence came Salimbene hot-foot, eager with his intelligence from the front. It was indeed with great news he came charged, for the repulse at Parma was the passing bell for the fortunes of Frederick. It is never a habit of our monk to diminish his own importance, and this characteristic finds scope in his description of his interview. Cardinals and prelates stand around his Holiness, but it is to Salimbene that all eyes are turned. "The bystanders were in such multitudes they lay hard on each other's shoulders in their eagerness to hear tidings of Parma; when therefore they who stood by heard me end my speech thus, they marvelled, and in my own hearing they said to each

other, 'All the days of our life we have seen no friar so void of fear, and speaking so plainly.'"

Already well affected to the son of his old friend Guido di Adamo, Innocent rewarded his news with a promotion, carrying with it the rank of preacher on earth and a halo of special glory in heaven. To Adamo's widow was accorded a gracious permission to end her days as a nun of the Order of the Poor Clares.

From Lyons the newly made preacher continued his wanderings through France, staying in Paris seven days, and "seeing many a pleasant sight"; then passing on to Sens, where the French brethren gladly kept him with them, "because I was a peaceful and ready youth, and because I praised their doings." On a second visit to Sens in 1248 he saw St. Louis, that holy Crusader whose men perished at Mansuret, himself at Tunis. "Spare and slender, having the face of an angel and a mien full of grace," he came to the church in which the Franciscans were holding the assemblies of their Provincial Chapter not in regal pomp, but trudging

afoot clothed in a pilgrim's habit and the staff and the scrip of his pilgrimage hanging on his neck. With him came his three brethren, the cardinal, and many dignitaries. All dined together. Easter Sunday had not yet come to absolve them from their abstinence, but those who sat down to meat contrived to defy the rigours of Lent. It was a vast meal, and a good, as Salimbene can testify who ate of it; cherries and fine white bread and good wine fit for a king, then wafers, beans cooked in milk, fish and lobsters, eel pies, rice with milk of almonds powdered with cinnamon, eels browned in delicious sauce, tarts, junkets, and fruits, all in profusion and exquisitely served.

At Hyères, the traveller made the acquaintance of a man at whose feet he was destined to sit for many a long day. Brother Hugh was a notable figure in his generation. Salimbene lauds him almost beyond panegyric as one of the greatest and most learned clerks in the world, and a disputant with whom none could argue and come off victorious. His tongue was eloquence; his voice that of mighty thunder, as the sound

of many waters falling from a height. Like John Knox, he feared the face of no man; he was indeed a second Paul or Elisha. In after days a curious sect was to originate from the teaching of Salimbene's nearest friend. "Go into the woods," said Brother Hugh to two disciples seeking admission into his Order, "and learn to eat roots, for the Tribulations are at hand." His advice was taken literally, with the result that a number of his followers forsook the towns and villages, and roaming about the country like wild hermits under the name of Friars of the Sack, entered into competition with the other mendicants to their great disgust.

But Hugh is better known, not as the father of these wandering grotesques, but as the exponent of Joachimism then at its height. Joachim, abbot and missionary, was the great Mystic of his century, turning in his revolt from the corruptions of his Church to the transcendentalism which has so often been the refuge of the purer spirits. He proclaimed that the reign of the Father, with its revelation in the Mosaic law, had finally passed away; that the reign of the Son, with its

manifestation in the Christian Church, was even then disappearing before the eyes of all beholders; and that the reign of the Holy Ghost was about to dawn upon the earth with its own special revelation more perfect than all. With the incaution of the Prophet he fixed the year 1260 as the beginning of the new era, but that year came and went, bringing with it no unusual or mysterious significance. Many earnest seekers after righteousness, including Hugh and John of Parma, were drawn away after a system which seemed to fulfil the aspirations of longing hearts. Amongst them appears Salimbene, so devoted to the new theology that he gave many months of his labour to the copying of Joachim's expositions. From the point of view of orthodoxy, Joachimism with its mysticism and "illuminations" was justly suspect. Disgrace fell upon the Mystic and death; his followers crumbled away; the man who shuts his lips brooding on what cannot be uttered, who shuts his eyes that he may see the more inwardly, was to disappear for centuries. As the virtues of Salimbene did not include the constancy of

the martyr, he deemed it prudent to disavow his sometime spiritual friends.

On the road again he saw at Tarascon the body of Martha, and was permitted to kiss the arm of that matter-of-fact sister of Lazarus. Relics had a special charm for him. Later, he was delighted with the discovery of the body of the Magdalene, "whole, save one leg," with an epitaph which could scarce be read for the antiquity of the writing. The men of Parma thought they had found a treasure in the veritable toe of St. Alberto. They fondled and adored it, and made high festival with it, only to discover to their chagrin that it was a new clove of garlic. Salimbene does not hesitate to chuckle over their discomfiture. At Nice he received into his company a young religious who, after he had completed a missionary journey in Egypt, consoling the Christian captives in that land, gained the martyr's crown in the stress of eighteen divers torments all patiently endured. Before his translation he beheld strange things; that fabulous beast the Unicorn and the Balsam Vine with its miraculous fruits. "He brought home for the brethren

manna in a glass vessel, and water from the well of St. Mary, with which alone the Balsam Vine can be watered so as to bear fruit."

Though Salimbene met with no such wonders as these, his visit to Vienna, commissioned to transact the business of the province, was not uneventful. Passing through the valley of the Count of Savoy he heard of the fall of the great mountain near Chambéry, "which fell one night and filled the whole valley; the ruin whereof is a whole league and a half in breadth: under which ruin seven parishes are overwhelmed, and 4000 men were slain." In a certain church—probably that of Gières by Grenoble—he found the edifice full of children's garments, hanging there doubtless as votive offerings for healing. His business at Vienna completed, he was sent to Ferrara, where his wandering life came to an end for seven years. Hitherto he seems to have pleased himself where he should go and how he should spend his time. But discipline claimed him at last. His gifts of mimicry and story-telling with which he had enlivened so many houses in France and Italy were altogether quenched or restricted

to his brethren and familiar friends: he must needs address himself, for the next thirty-two years, passed principally in Romagna, to the serious tasks of the preacher and confessor, though one finds it difficult to believe that he withdrew from the world (always full of lure and interest to him) in the strict sense required by the disciplinarians of his Order. During this period of retirement he displayed his diligence in the writing of many books of which, unfortunately, all but one have perished. Once he preserved them from destruction by burying them underground. When he was no longer present to care for his offspring, they shared the fate common to so much of the literature of mediæval times.

That Salimbene kept in touch with the world outside his convent is shown by an experience to which he proudly refers. About the year 1256 he was chosen to act as an arbitrator between the cities of Bologna and Reggio. As a native of Parma, he was intimate with both, especially with Bologna, with its endless colonnades and fantastic leaning tower, its vast, unfinished churches,

sombre with the tragedies of feud and foray. Whether he was successful in keeping the peace between this learned city and her rival we have no means of ascertaining. His mission was sufficiently disconcerting. In vain did the popes endeavour to keep in order their quarrelsome lieges. Embassies came and went, to ask for mediation and to proffer it. But however subtle had been the peacemaker's arrangements, his departing cortege was hardly out of sight of the city before they were blown to the winds. Once and again Salimbene was called upon to undertake the difficult task of reconcilement. It is likely that his *bonhomie* and *savoir faire* were seen to advantage in dealing with angry and embittered citizens. 1258 was the year of the Great Plague. In the shadow of that visitation, a horror fell upon the land. Men, women, and children crept into the churches where the trembling people were shriven and blessed by the trembling priests. So fell was the pestilence that, before the eyes of the Franciscan brethren kneeling in their church at vespers, two of the congregation sickened suddenly, stiffened, and died. What

this scourge could be we learn from Petrarch, whose own Laura, lovely and beloved, was to die of the black death whereunder Italy shuddered. "Posterity will not believe that there was ever a period in which the world remained almost entirely depopulated, houses empty of families, cities of inhabitants, the country of peasants. How will the future believe it when we can scarcely credit our own sight. We go indoors, walk through street after street, and find them full of dead and dying; when we get home again we find no live thing within the house, all having perished between the brief interval of absence." This is but a confirmation of the doings of the plague as they appear in the chronicle.

For some peaceful years Salimbene dwelt in Ravenna, happy in its comparative freedom from the usual amenities of a thirteenth-century Italian city, and in its opportunities of friendship and books. Amongst its other amiable qualities Ravenna was a city of good living; its mayor boasted that a man might go farther and fare worse than in a place where victuals were both plentiful and cheap:

salt, a full bowl for a poor penny; a dozen boiled eggs at an inn for the same price; in the season, a fat wild duck for fourpence. In such abundance were these last that at times whosoever would pluck a dozen of them might keep the half for his pains.

It was here that the archbishop gave him the authentic corpse of Elijah as readily as a cast-off garment, "for he cared for wars more than for the relics of saints." It was no light thing to be in this prelate's service, for he had half roasted one of his menials on a spit, half or wholly drowned another, and kept a third to be eaten up by rats in prison. It was his custom to pace the court of his palace near, "singing as he went some antiphon in praise of the Blessed Virgin, and if it were summer he would drink at each corner, for at each corner of his palace he had a pitcher of choice wine, set in the coldest water, for he was a mighty drinker."

Perhaps his drinking accounted for the corpulence which had well-nigh undone him. When Legate in Germany he had to escape by night under a city gate. In this strait

nothing could have saved him but the zeal of the brethren, "who stood and stamped on all such corpulence as still stuck fast on the hither side, until their too solid master had struggled through."

At Ravenna a boy preacher, exploited by a strange order of apostles, excited Salimbene's spleen. Let it be known that the infant phenomenon was about to hold forth, and immediately the folk, impervious to the eloquence of the friar himself and the recognised orators of the day, flocked into the cathedral churches, "and there was a vast congregation, and much gaping both of men and women." Ravenna gave place as an abode to Reggio and Montefelcone. Parma lying hard by drew Salimbene but seldom. For that he has a reason of his own. The people of his native city—both clergy and laity, nobles and commoners—were ever neglectful of the friars, caring nothing for them. "And therefore I, Brother Salimbene, of Parma, have been 48 years in the order of Friars Minor, yet would I never dwell at Parma by reason of the indevotion which its citizens show and practise towards God's servants."

Reggio is little better, making an open mock and travesty of religion. At the festival times of the Carnival, the men wore the solemn faces of those who mourned their dead; whilst in Lent, the season of fasting and repentance, they indulged in a riot of wantonness, wearing white masks and dressing like women, gambling in the squares and under the porticoes, gourmandising in secret, nor hesitating openly to blaspheme the sacred name.

But the cup of Reggio was full. In the year 1283, it came to blows with Modena, and the chronicles of Salimbene — until he laid down his pen for ever — are saddened by stories of evils which fell upon them and other cities in an Italy never at one and never at rest.

It is horrifying to read of the evil deeds which were done; how the worst passions which disgrace humanity were let loose, not against a foreign invader, but against neighbours and inoffensive peasants. In the midst of his telling of houses and crops, orchards and vineyards destroyed wholesale, of prisoners butchered in cold blood, the chronicler has a

word of regret for the destruction of one particular vineyard "which made Vernaccia wine."

To bring some degree of quiet to the torn and harassed cities (involving others in their strife) Salimbene is invited once more to put on the guise of the mediator. But as usual the kindly offices of his fellow and himself were of small avail; the last state of Modena was worse than the first. "I have little trust of peace among Lombards: for their peacemakings are like the boys' games when they lay hand above hand upon their knees; and each, seeking to get the better of the other, withdraws his hand from below and strikes it upon the hand above, and thus each thinks to have the better." With such an opinion of the combatants Salimbene could not have been disappointed at the result of his mission.

The Italy of those days was full of homeless and desperate men whose swords were ready to be fleshed in any adventure however desperate. What brutalities these hirelings inflicted upon a rural population unable to retreat into the security of castle and fortress we learn from the wars. "Once

they took a poor man who had never harmed them, whom they led away captive to Gesso, and said to him, 'Tax thyself.' And when he answered that he had nought to give, forthwith they smote him in the mouth with a flint stone, with which blow six of his teeth were smitten out. Likewise also they did to many others. For some men's heads they bound with a cord and lever, and strained it with such force that their eyes started from their sockets and fell upon their cheeks; others they bound by the right or left thumb only, and thus lifted the whole weight of their body from the ground; others again they racked with yet more foul and horrible torments which I blush to relate; others they would hang by the little toe of one foot, or seat them with their hands bound behind their back, and lay under their feet a pot of live coals, blowing with the bellows to stir them yet more; with others again they would bind the great toe of the right foot with a bow-string to one tooth, and then prick their backs with a goad that they might tear out their own teeth; or they bound their hands

and legs together round a spit (as a lamb is carried by a butcher), and kept them thus hanging on that pole all the day long, without food or drink; or again, with a hard and rough piece of wood, they would rub and grate their shins until the bare bone appeared, which was a misery and sore pity even to behold. Many other torments they invented and inflicted, but these I have written that it may be known how some men are more cruel than beasts; wherefore it is nought but just that they who do such things should be tormented with devils in hell."

After war came plague, and with the infection came many strange things. Strangest of all perhaps was the Order of the Flagellants which sprang directly from the terror caused by the Black Death. Through Modena this weird company marched with melancholy songs; they were dressed in sombre raiment; their hoods, pierced with holes, fell over their eyes; flaming crosses were marked on back and breast; every man carried in his hands a scourge bitten with nails. Halting here and there in the streets, they flogged their naked bodies until the blood ran. So

many penitents hastened to confess their sins that the harassed clergy had not time for meals. The Golden Age seemed to have come again; offences were forgiven; reparation for wrong-doing offered; domestic broils banished; ill-gotten goods restored. The evil-doers were they only (being of a sceptical or self-righteous turn of mind) who would not whip themselves. At them the finger of scorn was pointed as at sons of Belial and children of the Devil, of whom a terrible end might confidently be predicted. But this piety passed away with the terrors that gave it birth.

It is noteworthy that, though the mania of these Flagellants spread over the whole of Europe, it did not prevail in England. Once and once only these brethren of the Mask and Scourge visited these shores. In 1368, a band of them, one hundred and twenty of them in number, arrived here intent on bringing conviction of sin with them. They found London in an unrepentant mood. Their doleful songs—the blows with which each man belaboured his neighbour—the blood streaming from the backs and shoulders of the brotherhood—moved the Cockneys

to laughter rather than tears. So the Flagellants went home again.

Though Reggio and Modena made a peace which lasted just as long as such pacts usually did—that is a few years—the burden of the chronicle until the end is war, bloody war.

The feuds of Guelf and Ghibelline still continued; campaigning never ceased; "campaigning which," in the felicitous trope of Maurice Hewlett, "was like nothing so much as the bickering of street dogs in an Eastern town, a snarling encounter, a sudden rush, uproar, indiscriminate ripping and rolling, and then peace, when the battles were swept into a side alley, or fired another quarter of the city." Yet the faction fights which count so much in Salimbene's story were never so paralysing as the enmities between rival cities, nor pursued to such ravenous lengths as the struggle between Genoa and Pisa which filled his last years. Often had he crossed the mountain which hid mutual enemies from one another; the way between two of the noblest seaports of Tuscany was a road full of memories to him, and he may well be believed when he asserts that

the fate of Genoa and Pisa, "destroying each other from mere ambition and pomp and vain glory," was received with woe and bitter weeping by him and all true friends of Italy. Great was the splendour of Pisa, vast her palaces. In one of them, coming on for six centuries later, lodged Byron with his seven servants, five carriages, nine horses, a monkey, a bull-dog, a mastiff, two cats, three pea-fowl, and some hens. But already upon her had fallen the forebodings of the ruin described by Shelley, "the desolations of a city which was the cradle, and is now the grave, of an extinguished people." Pisa sent out all her inhabitants between the ages of twenty and sixty years, burning, plundering, carrying off captive along the Genoese shores. Genoa rose to this invasion by calling to arms all over eighteen and under seventy. Grappling with her foe near the promontory of Corsica, she bore away such hosts of prisoners that for years the city where Ugolino agonised in the tower, and where Neri Capponi brayed the walls with his mangonels, was bereft of male inhabitants, and the fairest and noblest of Pisan ladies

made pilgrimages to seek out their husbands, fathers, brothers, and other near male relatives. An incident in this struggle shows how cupidity rose superior to the dangers of battle. "In the first two fights 6000 Pisans were reckoned amongst the dead and wounded, and while they still fought fiercely at sea, a man of Genoa boarded a Pisan vessel, and loaded himself with many plates of silver, and thus armed in steel and silver, wishing to board his own ship again, he missed his mark and plunged to the bottom like a stone, with his silver and his steel and perchance with many crimes upon his head."

With the coming of 1285, Salimbene lost one of his dearest friends, Bernato di Regina, a kindly and familiar man, famous for his powers of mimicry, apt to imitate either the prattle of a child, the babbling talk of a gossip, or the affected periods of the older school of preacher. Before the same year drew to its close he had further to bewail the loss of the Lady Beatrice, his penitent, "a comely lady, alert and merry." Her gaiety was quenched by a brutal husband whose jealousy caused her to be

smothered like another Desdemona under a feather bed. The husband's misfortunes—captivity — ruin — exile — are much insisted upon by Salimbene, who is never satisfied until his villains are overtaken by their proper deserts.

The next few years are sad ones; his talk is of inordinate frost and snow, of the decaying fortunes of the Franciscans, upon whom even their old allies the Cistercians had turned their backs; of unprofitable politics and of faction fights at Parma between certain nobles and the Prince Bishop.

Of the exact time and manner of Salimbene's decease we know nothing. Whether he was very ready for Death when that Dark Angel had pity upon him, or whether he was mown down astonished in the midst of lusty life, not yet passed on to its meridian, we may not know. Alive in 1288, a man of three score years and seven, he probably passed away from a world emptied of all worth living for towards the end of the year or not long after. An unfinished sentence in his MS. shows where the pen fell from his relaxing fingers.

Before we part with him we are concerned to know what he thought of such men of our English race as came in his ken, and of the fair sex whose society was so stringently forbidden to him. Of women he reproduces in his writings the estimate common to his day and order. At the same time he displays the usual disparity between theory and practice, for whilst the rules of his convent required him to know nothing about them, the manner of his life led him to be much in their society. Theoretically he is a follower of St. Paul. He quotes with approval the hard sayings of that apostle concerning the sex; he draws upon Holy Writ and the Fathers for scathing denunciations of the "monstrous regimen" of women, an effort somewhat shorn of its strength when we discover that the quotations are derived from spurious sources. Though Salimbene gives his professional sanction to such a statement of some apocryphal poet as "would'st thou know and define what a woman is? She is glittering mud, a stinking rose, sweet poison ever leaning towards that which is forbidden her," it is

evident that he himself suffered no dread of contamination. He does not seem to have followed—though deemed it worthy of applause—the advice of his friend Hugh, speaking in full consistory to the pope and his cardinals "as he might have spoken to boys in school." "Moreover, flee from women, as far as in thee lieth, as thou would'st flee from serpents, never speaking with them but under compulsion of urgent necessity, nor ever look in any woman's face." Indeed there is a conquering air in Salimbene's attitude towards the other sex. He would have us believe that though he had not loved much, he had been beloved of women, nor was he certain that he had not been the cause of secret anguish to more than one virtuous lady in high life. Apart from the thousands of women whose spiritual director he must have been in the course of a long life, his friendship with some of the more charming of the sex seems to have been intimate beyond the warranty of his vows. In the thirteenth century the commerce between the sexes was unabashed, and the parish priests were often the greatest offenders

against morality and their sworn vows. The friars were notable exceptions to the prevailing unchastity, and the conduct of Salimbene seems to have been ordered throughout with decorum. An air of chastened triumph enters into his narrative of the amorous nun, daughter of a cardinal and grand-daughter of a pope, who desired him to be her spiritual friend. Perceiving the dangers that lurked beneath this innocent proposition, he declined her advances, and referred her to the cold consolations of the blessed Arsenius.

A charming personality is given to us in the Lady Mabel, "devoted to me and to all men of religion," who was "courteous, honest, and pious and humble," greatly loved of the poor, but disliked by the apothecaries of that day because she distilled rose water in an inner chamber of her palace and gave it to the sick.

Another dame of high degree, and worthy of remembrance, is the Lady Fior d'Oliva, "plump and full fleshed, and my familiar friend and spiritual daughter." She was wealthy, and espoused the cause of the Friars Minor of Lucca in that sad hour

when the abbess of the Clarisses stirred up the men of Lucca against the brethren and well-nigh caused their exile. This abbess was a woman of low degree, but of strong character, daughter of a Genoese baker, and her autocratic rule moves the chronicler to remark "how shameful is the domination of women." He regards, too, with strong disfavour, the doings of another abbess, the Lady Cecilia, niece to Pope Innocent IV. To her he attributes avarice and cruelty, in that she drove away from her door the unfortunate whom her vows required her to succour. But the fault in his opinion lay in the sex rather than the individual. They are by nature unfitted to bear rule, "for woman, whensoever she may, doth take gladly dominion to herself, as may be seen in Semiramis, who invented the wearing of breeches."

The hospitalities of a certain countess in the diocese of Auxerre provided him with pleasant memories at the expense of her husband. She gave him and another of his brethren on the Feast of Easter a dinner of twelve courses, "and if the count, her

husband, had not been there, then still greater plenty would have been served."

One saint among women at least Salimbene had known. This was none other than the sister of Brother Hugh, and of equal piety. Around her body she wore the cord of St. Francis; all day long she prayed in his church. She was often in a spiritual trance, so that if the friars raised her arm, she would keep it thus raised from morning till night, so absorbed was she in her thoughts of God.

A heroine of a different type was that old woman who, when her city of Foligna was at war with Perugia, captured no less than ten of the Perugians, and drew them to prison with a rod of iron.

The experiences of the Cardinal Legate Latino may fitly conclude Salimbene's account of women. Constituting himself an authority on dress, this unpopular Legate entered into a sumptuary contest with the ladies. That he was worsted in this unequal combat was to be expected, though the power of the Keys lay behind him. He ordained that the long sweeping trains, more precious

than any other part of the dress, should be shortened, the skirts only just touching the ground, or lying on it not more than a palm's breadth. But female ingenuity found means to avoid this ordinance, preached though it was from the pulpits, and enjoined on pain of excommunication. The injunction, "horribly grievous," that veils should be worn on the head fared no better. By an ingenious perversion of the statute the ladies contrived to make their appearance only the more seductive by wearing creations of silk and gold and precious stones through which their beauty shone with undiminished charm.

The wanderings of Salimbene, which had often carried him on shipboard, had not led him across the Channel. England to him was Ultima Thule. Yet it finds a mention in his history. Had he fallen under the displeasure of the great Elias he might perforce have spoken of the pleasant English land of his own knowing. Many a friar had looked upon it with unwilling eyes, for exile across the water was a favourite punishment of the Minister-General for all contumelious

brethren. When certain ministers of the Provincials came under his ban, he would deprive them of their books and ecclesiastical functions, degrading them to wear once more the long hood of the novice, and sending them in banishment as far as England.

But the qualities of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon race commended themselves to an observer not without a manliness and good temper of his own. As they came within his knowledge, they seem to have displayed the traditional qualities of their race, the courage, the fearlessness of speech, the invincible love of liberty, the masterful stubbornness, and sterling honesty. English to the backbone was Brother Stephen, "a comely spiritual man of most excellent counsel, and ready to preach daily to the clergy." How he preached a sermon — with the metaphor of an extinguished and stinking taper — to the confusion of a newly made bishop, Salimbene goes on to record with great satisfaction. English, too, was Grossteste, Bishop of Lincoln, like himself no mealy-mouthed chronicler of the disorders of his day. Another Englishman, and an intimate and

familiar friend, was found in the person of Brother Walter, "a truly angelic man," afterwards made a bishop against his will. From this fate the other Briton, Stephen, had barely escaped. Walter was one of the twelve companions or secretaries of John of Parma whom that unwearied pedestrian wore out in his long journeys from convent to convent. When Elias ordered certain rebellious and fastidious brethren to wash their own breeches, two such of English—or rather of Scottish—blood refused to obey. Indeed these men of the heather pushed independence so far as to defy spiritual censure. Ireland finds a single mention in one of its sons who cut off his right thumb in order to avoid the priesthood. A king of England, Edward I., was known to Salimbene as a Crusader: another monarch, Henry III., wins his regards for the courtesy which humbled itself to welcome John of Parma as an equal amidst the murmurings of a contemptuous court. Another story is not to his credit. A jester said a facetious but uncomplimentary thing at his master's expense; Henry ordered him to be hanged out of hand, and the life of the fool was

saved only by a mock execution and his retirement.

The sinister figure of the north countryman, Michael Scott, throws its shadow across the chronicle. The wizard, consulted alike by pope and emperor, contrived to escape a snare laid for him by Frederick, who "being one day in his palace, asked the astrologer how far he was from the sky." Receiving his answer, the emperor carried Scott off as if for a pleasure on a journey which occupied several months. Meanwhile his workmen were lowering the whole of his palace hall. "Many days afterwards, standing in the same palace with Michael, he asked him, as if by the way, whether he were indeed so far from the sky as he had before said. Whereupon he made his calculations, and made answer that certainly either the sky had been raised or the earth lowered; and then the emperor knew that he spake truth." At a time when Salimbene was suffering from the parsimony of some prelates who had offered him the indignity of inferior fare and a common vintage, he recalls with admiration the example of a certain king of

England who refused to appropriate to his own use the only bottle of wine, but emptied it into the spring with the words, "Let all drink in common." This monarch remembered what the bishops forgot or disregarded that "all throats are sisters to one another." Wine is a theme very dear to the heart of our friar. Denied so many other of the world's delights, he rejoices in a good vintage or the rousing catch which tells of its merits—

"Scorn not red—though thin it be,
Ruddy wine shall redden thee
So thou do not soak.

Juice of gold and citron dye
Doth our vitals fortify,
Sicknesses doth choke.

But the cursed water white
Honest folk will interdict
Lest it spleen provoke."

England is worthy of approval as a land of lusty drinkers. "The English indeed delight in drink, and make it their business to drain full goblets." If they pass the bounds of temperance at times, it is to be forgiven them on the score that "they are glad to drink good wine when they can, for they

have but little wine in their own country. In the French it is less excusable, for they have greater plenty. Note that it is thus written in verse: "Normandy for sea-fish; England for corn; Scotland for milk; France for wine."

We part from our author with reluctance. And this though we have not accepted him as an entirely trustworthy guide. It is asking too much of us to demand that we should receive all that he has written as a well-balanced judgment or as a final authority.

His work has neither the orderliness nor the restraint of a true history; it is a medley of things usually kept distinct, with kaleidoscopic views of the scandal of the day and transcendental theology, of "politics and confessions," of private affairs and public mischances. Pious texts from Scripture find themselves ranged side by side with ballads hot from the tavern, homilies with narratives that call up a disgustful vision of monks growing confidential over their leering stories.

It belongs to the true historian to present a picture of the past, not only broad and glowing, but of just proportions. In this essential Salimbene was wanting.

His lights are sometimes false; his shadows too lurid and deep. Life was base enough in the span of the seventy years covered by his career. What men were capable of doing, what savagery, what intolerance, what bestial inhumanity, we may not refuse to acknowledge. But side by side with all these, what virtue, what compassion, what striving, and what attainment! The spirit of freedom was already abroad; already there was a Renaissance within the limits of the age itself whereby the thirteenth century anticipated the illumination of the fifteenth. Of this the chronicler has no conception. Depression weighs heavily upon his spirits. For him there are no violets in his native city; no gardens of roses in his native land. The air is full of moral contagion; the very souls of men are rotting. He recks not that side by side with passions that are of the earth most earthy, there moan and struggle the aspirations (destined one day to be fulfilled) of multitudes of men and women of whom the world is not worthy. From him it is hidden that beyond the delirium of lust and blood, beneath the welter of fire and cloud in which

his Italy is struggling, there lies the splendour of a new age, that before another hundred years have passed away Cimabue and Giotto are to preach an evangel of sweetness and grace in their pictures, Dante is to arrest the attention of his countrymen with "his sudden and terrifying trumpet," whilst Petrarch is to carry them swiftly forward on the great humanising current of his genius.

Nothing so well depicts the troubled seas on which Salimbene was voyaging than the topics which most engage his attention. Moving as are all the sights and sounds around him, it is not the zeal and devotion of his brethren, not the patriotism of humble men like Barisello and Asdente the cobbler prophet, not the heroism which was poured forth by many a simple seeker after righteousness which move him most. No; it is the incompetence and baseness of popes and legates, the lechery of parish priests, the intolerable misrule of princes and kings, the irreverence of the populace, and the scarlet tide of war. The mind of Italy, distracted and debauched, was wandering about in dry and desert places, seeking for rest and finding

none. Yet evidence of better things were everywhere around him. Those who accept his presentation of the century, even in the act of showing that the age produced great infamies, must know that it produced great saints.

Moreover, Salimbene loved rhetoric too well to be a great historian. Doubtless his exaggerations give a keener edge to his stories; the excess of his vituperation, the superfluities of his abuse impart vigour to his descriptions of the usages of society, its fashions and follies and conversations; his recitals of all that passes so transient yet so keenly pleasant or distasteful between man and man. With all this, they seem to detract from the value of his judgment. Beginning with the aphorism that "a writer of history ought to be impartial," he is at no pains to dissemble his partiality. Nor does he hesitate to deepen his shadows for effect. That men's vices, whether related by their enemies or deduced from irresponsible gossip, are, as a rule, more entertaining than their virtues, no one knew better than Salimbene.

Let us accept him for what he is. Remembering to how few it is given to be interesting, we may well receive with gratitude the superabundant vitality, the vividness, the circumstances which make his chronicle a source of delight and enlargement to the traveller who walks the ways of mediæval life with the wandering friar.

# A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SUNDAY

In one of his later books, George Gissing has told us with a sigh of regret that the English Sunday is no longer what it was. To multitudes it is already less sacred, whilst a large number of people have expunged it from the calendar, adding, in place of it, another Bank Holiday to their week.

Inclined as we may be to deplore this new phase, we must remember that it has not taken place without some reason. It is the natural rebound from a Sabbatarianism which owed its being rather to the letter of Judaism than to the spirit of Christianity. A strong reaction has set in against that dismal Sunday—not far remote—which darkened and depressed the other six days with the sense of its inevitable coming. Our middle-aged readers will readily recall the day we mean; the severe repression

of animal spirits; the solemn deportment; the sermon wandering into seventhlies and eighthlies; the cold meats at one o'clock, and the evening meal of an equally chilly and unexhilarating type; a time of heart searchings for children condemned to wander through the arid wastes of what was known as wholesome literature, and of frank boredom for many of their elders; a day bereft of music, devoted to a sort of sanctified *ennui*.

It is not without interest to see the same problem resolving itself in the seventeenth century.

Then, as now, there was a recoil from the more burdensome observance of the day. Puritanism, which has done so much to renew the spiritual vitality of our race, failed on the side of cheerfulness and joy. It was deplorably lacking in humour. In its view the reformation of England was to begin with the suppression of its amusements. Looking on mirth as the handmaiden of mischief, it would have the nation walk softly in sackcloth and ashes. It enacted in its wisdom that Christmas Day should be observed as a fast. It overthrew

the maypole; denounced dancing; silenced the bay of beagle; turned a sour look on musician, poet, and dramatist; dismantled the playhouse, and ranged its spectators and actors in the dock or at the cart-tail. During the Protectorate the puritanic spirit would fain have human nature reformed and restamped according to its own dismal pattern; would, in short, have made this life a preparatory process to fit mankind for a smileless eternity.

And with such a view of the week one can imagine that the shadows lay heavily on the Sunday.

With the return of the Stuarts—those who had issued "The Book of Sports" as a Sunday Manual—came the sudden swing of the pendulum. The people went mad with joy, and clamoured for a religion shot through with scarlet and gold, royal colours in place of the sad raiment and self-denying ordinances of old Noll. Thus the Restoration brought with it an unrestrained gaiety, which overflowed the channels of a decorous national life and flooded England with the worst kind of excesses and irreverence.

Sunday was in danger of falling from its high estate, though it would be inaccurate to attribute to the country at large the laxity and viciousness which marked the court under the Second Charles.

A characteristic entry in Pepys' "Diary," dated November 9, 1662, enables us to see England with a sense of the stern Puritan eye still upon it. "Walked to my brother's where my wife is, calling at many churches, and called at the Temple, hearing a bit there too, and observing that in the streets and churches the Sunday is kept in appearance as well as I have known it at any time." But the pages of the same "Diary" attest the growing disuse and desecration of the Sunday. For this, by their bad example, the king and his court must be held largely responsible.

The ghastly account of Charles II.'s last Sunday on earth is but a picture of his habitual disregard of the sanctities of the day. Much may be forgiven him for a certain want of gravity that was the most prominent trait in a character unspeakably frivolous, but no extenuation can be offered for his want of decorum in the House of God.

Burnet tells us, "both at prayer and at sacrament he, as it were, took pains to satisfy the people that he was in no wise concerned about that in which he was employed." In the "Ailesbury Memoirs" it is recorded "it used to amuse him to see the maids of honour laugh outright at the chaplain reading at evensong some chapters of St. Paul about marriage and continency." The bill for the better observance of Sunday, drawn up in the third year of his reign, received, significantly enough, no royal assent, and so remained outside the statute law.

For the clergy, with the exception of Bishop Ken, and one or two more, he had an amused contempt or undisguised dislike. We have Sir John Reresby's testimony that at a levee the king "took up some time in displaying to us the fallacy and emptiness of those who pretended to a fuller measure of sanctity than their neighbours, and pronounced them to be, for the most part, abominable hypocrites, and most arrant knaves, nor spared to introduce some mitred heads amongst the rest, whom he pretended to be none of the best, though their devout exterior gave them the character

of saints with the crowd." Yet how should he judge of religion, or be able to impute motives to the hearts of his fellows who placed in the highest seat of judgment the man Jeffreys, who had (in the king's own words) "no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers," and whom he well knew to be profane, drunken, and a bully?

With such a cynical estimate of the ministers and sacraments of the Church, it is evident that Charles could have little respect for the due observance of the Seventh Day, that day which, in spite of all the abuses of fanaticism, had been as the very breath of life to thousands, and had brought with it an atmosphere of quiet and of peace which had refreshed the whole of our race.

In Pepys we are able to study the reaction of which we have spoken, modified and kept in check by his training and better nature. At times the Puritan in his blood warred with the roystering cavalier into whose company he had fallen; on the whole, he avoided the Scylla of a day of unwarranted gloom as well as the more pressing danger of the Charybdis

of a Christian festival treated lightly or put to base uses.

Let us accompany the annalist through the hours of his Sunday. The blemishes in Pepys' life are notorious; his own pen gave them immortality. We may pass them by with the sobering reflection that such an accusing record of a man's inmost thoughts and most secret deeds might well affright the wisest and the best of us. He began his day well. "Read over my vows with great affection and to very good purpose." "Read over my vows as I do every Lord's Day, but with greater seriousness than ordinary" (he was at the beginning of a new year). But his devotions done, he had no scruples about applying himself diligently to his accounts; Sunday was with him the complement of the week in more senses than one. He offers up a pious ejaculation on the altar of the proprieties, "all the morning at home making up my accounts, God forgive me." Nevertheless his diary is full of reference to the many hours filched from the time of rest and worship.

Sunday, too, was the day reserved for

those drastic remedies which were a feature of seventeenth-century medicine. "Took physique this day," occurs frequently in his note-book.

If the testimony of his parish priest is to be received, Pepys did not allow the pre-occupations of business to keep him from morning and afternoon prayer at St. Olave's, Hart Street, with which church he was officially connected. To purge him of a suspicion of papacy, Dr. Mills declares on oath amongst other things that "the said Mr. Pepys and his family were constant attendants upon the public worship of God and His holy ordinances."

It is one of the peculiarities of the diarist that whilst he visits with indignation any extravagance on the part of his wife, he denies himself nothing in the matter of dress. It may be the paternal instinct—was not his father a tailor—waxed strong within him, refusing to be repressed.

As the call of City bells sounds loudly through the air, Pepys issues forth in his bravest attire. "(Lord's Day.) This morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed

with scarlet ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvett, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black knit silk canons I bought a month ago." "(Lord's Day.) Up and put on my new stuff suit, with a shoulder belt according to the new fashion, and the bands of my vest and tunic laced with silk lace of the colours of my suit; and so very handsome to church." With his wife on his arm, "very fine in a new yellow bird's-eye hood, as the fashion is now," her comely face "very pretty, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch," he makes his way into that pew in the South Gallery which he had demanded from the Churchwardens. A stranger is already there whose presence he does not resent; is she not "My Lady Carlisle, a very fine woman indeed in person"? His entrance is at first shorn of its due effect, for he has no menial to precede him bearing his books, but the happy day is not far distant when a three-quarters size of a domestic is added to his establishment, and enables him to take his proper place in the eyes of his neighbours. Still wearing his hat he joins in the worship of the day.

We have no evidence that the bad behaviour which marked the king and many of his subjects in church was displayed in St. Olave's. The wearing of the hat during divine service was an ordinary custom, not an intentional irreverence, but elsewhere the clergy had to protest against such profanations as the playing of cards and the throwing of hats and garments on the Communion Table, the rushing in and out of church of disorderly people, and loud interruptions of applause or disapproval during the sermon.

As a man fond of singing and with a good voice, Pepys shares heartily in the psalms, regretting the while that his means do not permit him to purchase "a pair of organs" and place them in God's House. He is entirely in sympathy with the new spirit which is associating worship with music: sometimes he deserts his own service in order to attend Westminster Abbey where the organ is in use, or the chapel at Whitehall to hear "Captain Cooke's new musique." "This," he continues, "is the first day of having vialls and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthems; but the musique

more full than it was last Sunday, and very fine it is."

Sermons in those days were regarded as the principal part of the service, and Pepys composes himself to listen with critical attention to Mr. Mills, the rector, or to an occasional "stranger." Very long, and often very tedious, these pulpit exercises drew from the diarist some of the most entertaining criticisms in his journal. In a sense no one suffered less from sermons than he. He found an easy remedy for tediousness and bad logic in a slumber which seems seldom to have been denied him, for which his oft-repeated penitence, "God forgive me," is obviously half-hearted.

Evelyn complained of the preaching before the Restoration, "there was nothing practical preached or that pressed reformation of life, but high and speculative points and strains that few understood, and that left the people very ignorant and of no fixed principle." Pepys is interested in Dr. Buck's sermon upon "Woe unto thee, Chorazin," where he started a difficulty which he left to another time to answer about why God should give

means of grace to those people whom He knew could not receive them, and deny them to others who, He Himself confesses, if they had had them, would have received them, and they would have been effectual too. "I wish I could hear him explain this when he do come to it," but has little sympathy with high Calvinistic doctrine in general. The truth is his piety was of a practical order. As he sits in his pew we may see him nodding assent to that sermon of Mr. Gifford, "who showed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer way of being rich than sin and villainy." Pepys was in hearty accord with the teaching which believed in making the best of both worlds. Indeed, to the popular Navy Secretary, virtue is so often its own reward, that a review of his balance at the bank seems to leave him with a feeling that he is getting on with the world better than a Christian ought.

After the extemporary prayer which Puritan usage had introduced into the service, Pepys and his spouse go home for their mid-day meal, sometimes accompanied by their clergyman and his wife, until some misunderstanding

about a christening strained the relationship between the two families.

He has many uncomplimentary references to the clergy; any scandal at their expense finds an easy lodgment in his mind; yet his own intercourse with them is friendly. He speaks of Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough, as his "old good friend" and "a most excellent person as any I know," and is ever ready to make new clerical acquaintances. Attentions denied him and freely lavished on the cloth appear, however, to have excited his spleen. "(Lord's Day.) Strange what a command he (Dr. Jacomb) hath got over Mrs. Turner, who was so careful to get him what he would after his preaching to drink, and he with a cunning gravity knows how to command and got it."

On his way to and from church Pepys would notice the change which was coming over the Sunday hitherto so strictly observed. Ordinary travel and trading were resumed, though "the Bishop of London had given a very strict order against boats going on Sundays," and on September 20, 1663, a

proclamation against Sunday trading was read in the churches. In 1690 the zeal of Queen Mary to repress the desecration of the Sunday led her to prohibit the working of horses and hackney carriages on the Day of Rest, and to station constables at the corner of the streets to capture all puddings on their way to the bakehouse. This was an interference with their liberty which her subjects resented, and rioting led to the suspension of the law. Public-houses, so lately discredited, were beginning to open their doors to the toper who carried his morning mouth in search of beer, though in the early period of the Restoration Pepys describes how he and a young friend walked up and down for two hours, "sometimes in the streets looking for a tavern, but not finding any open we durst not knock." Later we have him eating and drinking at Islington "at the house my father and me were wont to go to of old," pledging healths with boon companions at the Rose Tavern "until sermon done," or accompanying "friends to an alehouse in Drury Lane, where we drank together and ate toasted cakes which are very

good, and had a great deal of mirth with the mistress of the house about them." Creed was a friend of Pepys and was at first both prim and Puritanic. But his fall from grace was not long delayed. After a morning spent together at an inn, the entry reads, "and so home wondering to see how things are altered with Mr. Creed, who twelve months ago might have been got to hang himself almost as soon as go to a drinking-house on a Sunday."

Dinner being over, Pepys would often gather his household around him for singing, or would spend an hour or two at a neighbour's in the same exercise. "By-and-by comes in my Lord Sandwich, and so we have great store of good music. By-and-by comes in my simple Lord Chandois, who began to sing psalms, but so dully that I was weary of it." His devotion to music leads to more of those exclamations of penitence which dropped so easily from his pen. "To-day, God forgive me, I strung my lute which I had not touched a great while before." "Composing some ayres, God forgive me."

Reading shared his leisure with his lute and score. Sometimes it is good solid reading;

Fuller or Stillingfleet or one of the mystical divines is his author; sometimes it is less profitable. "Took physique all day, and God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances." "Reading *L'Escholle des Filles*, a mighty lewd book, but yet not amiss for a sober man once to read over to inform himself in the villainy of the world."

Responsive to the renewed summons of the bells, Pepys lays aside his book or musical instrument, or leaves his garden, and makes his way to St. Olave's or some other house of prayer for evensong. Of his constancy to his own parish church we cannot speak in the same unqualified terms as Dr. Mills. The divine and the diary show at times a serious divergence of opinion, for Pepys, on his own showing, had a habit of going from one place to another, hearing the organ in one church, and bits of the sermon in another, and seeing the array of fine women in a third. The service of the Roman Church had an especial attraction for him; one day he is at York House, the Spanish ambassador's, hearing mass; at another time, seeing the queen going to her

chapel of St. James's. "I crowded in after her, and I got up to the room where her closet is, and there stood and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryers in their habits, and the priests coming in with their fine crosses and many other fine things. I heard their musique too; which may be good, but did not appear so to me." His afternoon attendances do not seem to have always yielded him much spiritual good, as his journal in many instances testifies. "At St. Margaret's, Westminster. Did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many fine women; and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time until sermon was done."

Released from church, Pepys often joins the crowd of notables in the park. "I to the park and walked two or three times of the Pell Mell with the company about the king and the duke; the duke speaking to me a good deal." "So I to the park, and there walk an hour or two, in the king's garden and saw the queen and the ladies

walk; and I did steal some apples off the trees." That the conversation during these afternoon promenades with courtiers and officials was always profitable we will not undertake, but it has provided us with the current scandals and with many interesting details of the political and social life of the day. Strolling out of the park, Pepys wanders through the streets with a very quick eye to discern whatever is novel or strange. "Out with Captain Ferrars to Charing Cross; and there at the Triumph Tavern he showed me some Portuguese ladys which are come to town before the queene. They are not handsome and their farthingales a strange dress. Many ladies and persons of quality come to see them. I find nothing in them that is pleasing; and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country."

Part of his time is spent in visits to his friends, or in receiving them in his own house. "To Old Street to see Sir Thomas Teddiman, who is very ill in bed of a fever, got, I believe, by the fright the parliament

hath put him into of late." If the weather is fine he may—in defiance of the Puritan theory that the Lord's Day is profaned by any recreation—carry his wife abroad in their coach and enjoy a little junketing in the country, or it may be nearer home. "I carried my wife to the Lodge the first time this year, and there in our coach ate a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk. I showed her this day also first the Prince of Tuscany, who was in the park, and many very fine ladies."

The evening finds Pepys sometimes in the company of his friends, more frequently in the bosom of his family. The confessions which tell of his return "foxed with drink," and reeking with scurrilous jests from the companionship of unworthy men, make pitiful reading, reminding us as they do of the youth who ten years before was "solemnly admonished" by the authorities of Magdalen College, Cambridge, "for having been scandalously overserved with drink ye night before." Other friends he had in whose society the time fled pleasantly and not unprofitably away. John Evelyn is one of the

most sedate figures of the Caroline age, yet even he could unbend of a Sunday. On September 10, 1665, Pepys was at Greenwich at the house of Sir J. Minnes, when the happy news arrived of a victory over the Dutch: "The receipt of this news did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth, that I never saw any man so outdone in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes' mirth, too, to see himself outdone, was the crown of all our mirth. In this humour we sat till about ten at night, and so my lord and his mistress home, and we to bed."

We may well leave the diarist amidst such wholesome society and simple pleasantries,

or better still amidst the cheerful and innocent conditions of his own home life, when—reading and meditation and singing done—he gathers his household around him to invoke the Divine blessing through the hours of the coming night, and to give thanks for God's great gift of another day of Rest and Worship.

# SERMONS AND SAMUEL PEPYS

With some men, nothing less than a centenary of their deaths will serve to remind the public of their names. It is true that Samuel Pepys departed this life just two hundred years ago, yet no one has owed less to the calendar than he, nor achieved a more fortuitous immortality. His unconscious self-revelation has not only produced one of the most delightful books in the English language, but has given him a place in the hearts of his countrymen which wiser and better men could never fill. In his "Diary" he has laid bare his soul, unwitting that one day his most secret and unmentionable thoughts should be torn from their wrappage of cipher and foreign tongues, that upon them his later descendants should pour a cool scrutiny so searching that no human being could hope to sustain it with unimpaired credit. Until the early part of the nineteenth century, one of the most "amazing

and amusing" of all human documents lay dead and buried in the library of his old college of Magdalen at Cambridge, until an Oxford graduate broke open the six books of the diarist's sepulture, and showed him alive and speaking.

In these pages we have—not the unblushing revelations of a Rousseau deliberately untrussing his points before the common gaze—not the studied unconsciousness of Montaigne, writing for effect, and with an eye on his readers—not the posturings of Chateaubriand, nor the morbid dissections of Marie Bashkirtseff, ever hovering above herself with a scalpel, but Pepys himself. So real was the presentation, that when he ordered his affairs before quitting this world, he had not the heart to destroy it, thus contributing at once to his own loss of reputation, and his own undying renown.

At first sight there appears to be little connection between Pepys and the pronouncements from a pulpit. Known to the men of his day as the friend of royalty and the dignified official, it has been his fortune to exhibit the worst and most contemptible side

of his character to later generations. To us, the Fellow of the Royal Society and Secretary to the Navy is the "Dapper Dicky" of an improper correspondence. We are not impressed with his courage in the House of Commons, for we have seen the contemptible cowardice which could kick a servant maid at home. Indulging in coarse delights with the rabble of actors, courtiers, and courtesans who riot through his pages; intemperate and given to vulgar intrigues; using his learning as a cloak to the more scandalous of his confidences; miserly—with a love of money which grew upon him as he otherwise improved in morals, so that his iniquities were not abandoned but retired on a pension; ostentatious, bragging of imaginary estates, and clothing himself in scarlet and fine linen, though his wife should go bare; marked by a credulity which made his mind sway like a leaf in the wind before every breath of the superstitious; it is thus he presents himself before us, and it is in the light of these disclosures he is convicted of being a very sorry individual.

When the facts of his life are summoned

from the past, the awful shade of an injured wife moves solemnly among them. Remembering, however, that Mrs. Pepys avenged herself of her wrongs as only a woman can, we may dismiss that phantom. If he deceived and played the niggard with her, if he laid his hand upon her in wrath, she pulled his hair, and on a memorable occasion scared him from the covert of his midnight blankets with the terrors of a heated poker. Having found him out in his infideli ties, she considered no usage too ill for him. Thereafter, until the touch of death relaxed the tyranny, he remained a submissive and henpecked man. Yet, between these two love was not a-wanting. If, after their quarrels, one of them would always leave the other for ever, the dawning of the day seldom found them unreconciled.

But we turn to Samuel Pepys who claims and deserves our respect. After all, it is probable that his faults were largely the blemishes of an early and exuberant manhood, and that with the growth of years and reputation there came that steadiness of character which earned for him the confidence

of the nation and the friendship of Evelyn and Dryden and Sir Isaac Newton. Let us recall how many signs he gave of a true contrition, and of a desire to walk humbly before his Maker; how, remembering that God has an altar in every man's dwelling, he gathered his household around him for daily devotions; how Sunday by Sunday he studied his good resolves upon his knees; how loyal to his friends; how generous he could be in his gifts; his courage during the Plague when he remained at his post among the faithful few; his love of the ennobling arts; his delight in the converse of good men; his concern for his country; his splendid devotion to the duties of his office; his refusal to enrich himself through the baser channels of official gain. To remember all these things is to be aware that when Pepys is weighed in the balance he is not found wanting in many of the elements of a noble character. As he lived, so he died. Dr. Hickes, whose sincerity may not be gainsaid, had known him long and closely, and when he laid down the burden of this life, and passed on his way down the Valley

of the Shadow, the dean said of his conduct in that solemn hour: "I never attended any sick person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality."

That Pepys considered himself a competent judge of preaching is indicated by many of his entries. In some respects he was well equipped. He was a scholar and man of letters, quick to detect false quantities and a lack of good taste. He had laboured with current theology such as Usher's "Divinity," and Stillingfleet's *Origines Sacræ*, while the ecclesiastical problems of the day found in him an eager student. He could estimate not only the matter but the manner of a discourse; for it is on record that he himself excelled as a speaker, and had offered a remarkable vindication of his department in parliament.

But his judgment has been called in question by some Church historians as that of a man with a prejudice against the clergy. The fact is, Pepys was never a good Churchman. The old leaven of the Puritanism in which he was cradled continued to work in him. On one side he was bitter against Noncon-

formity. He sneers at its preaching and manners. He observes with disdain the symptoms (grown in our day into a formidable disease) of "tender consciences." He ridicules the exaggerated genuflections at court of that Presbyterian knee which Calamy had sworn should never bow to Baal. When a boat-load of dissenting divines are drenched off Schevling he hugs himself with delight.

But at heart Pepys remained a Puritan. Ruffle it as he will with the roaring, dissolute courtiers, he cannot carry his frolics with the true cavalier air. He is more true to himself in his repentances than in his cups. Rome remains to him the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse, whilst there is no doubt he thoroughly deserves the Protestant reputation which his wife gave him in a tender description of his merits as a spiritual director. Ignorant of the ordinary ceremonial of his Church, a surplice is to him at first a fearsome object, and he requires to be led up to it as gently as a shying steed.

Puritan, too, is the quality which made him that most pleasing of all personages,

the unconscious humourist. The Commonwealth had endeavoured to suppress the gayest, happiest side of things, turning festivals into fasts, and frowning on innocent joys, but that flavour of character which we call humour refused to be extinguished. Only it grew slyer in expression, and learned to say droll things with the old family face. The humour of Pepys is involuntary or Puritanic. Who but he could have written down with unwinking eye the words with which King Charles acknowledged the gift of a Bible, or have recorded "the great satisfaction given to all" by the same monarch's "Proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery"? Who but he could have confessed so quaintly his relief at the death of his annuitant, or defended his drinking an intoxicating liquor when under vow of total abstinence? Nay, who but he could have reserved his most magnificent apostrophe to the Almighty for the occasion of a larger balance at the bank?

It is not the least of the diary's merits that in it we behold the religious life of the seventeenth century lifted out of its dark-

ness, and made visible as on the screen of a magic-lantern. We behold it, moreover, with the eager eye of Pepys. It was a time of transition and revolt. Puritanism had in turn become a persecutor. Her sympathies lay not with her brethren at home, but with the Reformers on the Continent. She read from a Geneva Bible, her only authority; she preached in a Geneva gown, her only ritual. Sympathising with the views of Luther and Zwingli, who had, so to speak, cantonised Christianity, and regarding Anglicanism as the handmaiden of Rome, she had treated the rules and ceremonies and teaching of the Church of England as betrayals and acts of treason. She had scattered the clergy, usurped their parishes, banished the liturgy from houses of prayer and private dwellings. To her a "scandalous schoolmaster" was one who, amongst other such offences as dicing and duelling, "publicly and frequently read or used the Common Prayer Book." Religious men and women were no longer church people, but "professing Christians," a title which after all seemed to promise a paucity of performance. Nor had her fury

been spent on the clergy alone, but on their buildings. The intemperance of zeal had smitten the decency and comeliness of so many churches that they had become houses of mourning rather than praise.

From this unendurable tyranny there was now to be an indignant reaction. The clergy had gladly returned (on the whole with restraint) to beloved customs and traditions, but the nation, in "the wildest outbreak of moral revolution that this country has ever witnessed," whirled away in the current of its hate all that was noblest and best in Puritanism. Intolerance was again met with intolerance, so that the flower of dissent, the thinkers and theologians like Howe and Baxter, whose presence at this juncture would have meant much to the well-being of England, were driven out into the wilderness. Many who remained behind—Independents, Presbyterians, and even Baptists, who had become rectors or vicars during the Commonwealth—remained only at the expense of their scruples, or to become mere traffickers in holy things. Within the Church itself, in this time of unrest and up-

heaval, the scum of its ecclesiastical life rose to the surface. Younger sons, hangers-on to the skirts of nobility, social derelicts, and the purely professional parson now came to the front, and clamoured for livings. At this period it must be confessed that the voice that summoned many of the labourers into the vineyard had a distinctly metallic ring. Men drew their revenue without caring for their flocks—and presented a terrible departure from the theory that a clergyman's object is essentially to minister to the needs of the world, and not to be paid for his ministry.

But as against this view of the matter there remained the great mass of an earnest, devoted priesthood to whom much injustice had been done. In the cry which rose up against those to whom was committed the restoration of the due order and teaching of the Church, Pepys is tempted to join. In 1661 he finds the clergy "so high that all people do protest against their practice." He witnessed the consecration of an archbishop, and is moved to the reflection that "people did most of them look upon them

(the bishops) as strange creatures, and few with any love or respect"! Stillingfleet incurs his strong displeasure for telling the truth about the death of one of the diarist's relatives, a truth which Pepys argues might well have been delayed for purposes of probate. On the 5th of October 1662, he records: "This day the parson has got one to read with a surplice on. I suppose himself will take it up hereafter, for a cunning fellow he is of any of his coate." Surely enough this Machiavellian plot passed on to its *dénouement* on the 26th inst., when he "saw Mr. Mills in a surplice for the first time." In 1666 he "heard a young man play the foole upon the doctrine of Purgatory," from which state of indignation he was happily recovered by espying Betty Howlett, "who is indeed mighty pretty and struck me mightily." He has a holy horror of confession. Mr. Mills's advice "to confess their sins when they had any weight upon their consciences, did vex me to hear." He even discerns the cloven hoof in the innocent practice of catechising.

It is interesting to notice in Pepys the

shock of surprise which still attacks the ordinary citizen when he beholds the friend of his youth in Holy Orders. Few can bear with equanimity the change from a suit of uproarious tweeds to a clerical collar and wide-brimmed hat, from the voice that once cried aloud for soda-water to the decent tones of a proper pulpit delivery. At Cambridge he sits under Mr. Nicholas, whom he knew at college as a sort of Lord of Misrule, and has a poor opinion of the sermon. He finds in the pulpit of a City church "my old schoolfellow Elborough, a simple rogue, and yet I find him preaching a very good sermon and in as right a parson-like manner as I have heard anybody."

Before we consider the sermons to which Pepys listened, we may with advantage recall the conditions of them. As an official of the Admiralty, he had his place in St. Olave's, Hart Street. Early in his career we find him "demanding a pew" from the churchwardens, who built for him a sort of chamber in the South Gallery approached by a staircase from without. In this abominable place of distinction in a house where all are equal, he

passed a great many hours to greater or less advantage. St. Olave's lies now with London pressing upon it from every side. Then it could breathe. Green trees and pleasant fields were its neighbours; the sunshine came in freely where now the huddle of high walls bars it out. It is easy to picture one of those drowsy summer days which so often seem reflected in the diarist's description of his Sundays: the sleepy stillness: the soothing hum of Mr. Mills's voice: the restless children, writhing on their benches: the placid congregation: the long psalm during which the rattle of money is heard as the sexton carries round his box: the sunbeams streaming through the open windows and creeping along the walls, bringing out of their gloom the brasses of bygone worthies, the later memorials of London Aldermen and Florentine Capponus, and the effigies of James Dean, his wife, and ten daughters all lifting up praying hands.

Sometimes the rector preaches—sometimes his reader or a lecturer. The reader was an inferior kind of curate, often serving two churches. It was his duty to read the service,

that portion of the prayer and praise of the sanctuary which in some circles is still known as "the preliminaries," retiring at the supreme moment to give place to the orator who had reserved his energies for the pulpit. Pepys refers only once to a sermon of the reader, describing it as "boyish and young," but seems to have been diverted when this assistant priest "could not find the place in the Service Book for churching women, but was fain to change with the clerk." This functionary, too, was destined to furnish amusement by a performance which his successors have often repeated—"mighty sport to hear the clerk sing out of tune."

As for the lecturer, Pepys derived little comfort from him. "A dull sermon of our young lecturer, too bad." "Our lecturer made a silly, sorry sermon." In many places parishioners of Calvinisic beliefs who were opposed to the teaching of the regular incumbent had been permitted, in defiance of constituted authority, to nominate to a lectureship and maintain any one whose teaching was more in accordance with their own views. And with such a cuckoo in the nest, one can

imagine the sparrows had rather a bad time of it.

Once a year the sexton of St. Olave's went his round of tax gathering. "Before sermon there was a long psalm and half another sung while the sexton gathered what the Church would give him for the last year." Pepys seems to have disliked the publicity of this collection, for he mentions his own five-shilling contribution in a way which indicates he would have preferred the secretive alms-bag of our day to the open plate of his own. Another source of annoyance lay in the impromptu orisons before and after the sermon. In the lieutenant's cabin of the *Nazeby* man-of-war, we find him disputing with the naval chaplain —"the parson for and I against extemporary prayers." This contention was justified on at least one occasion when "a vain fellow with a periwigg preached, and chaplain (as by his prayer appeared) to the Earle of Carlisle."

As in other churches, so in St. Olave's, we find the comfortable habit of wearing the hat during the service still in vogue. So common was this custom, so unintentional in its irreverence, that Pepys is genuinely

surprised at the displeasure of "a simple fellow who preached against wearing of hats in church"; "but," adds Pepys, "I slept part of the sermon, till latter prayer and blessing." This was a solace which seems seldom to have been denied him. Time and again we find the rigours of the sermon melting away in a dream of fair women.

His slumbers bring us to an important consideration in regard to his criticisms. It is manifest that at times he is wanting in fairness of judgment, that the opinions which he commits to paper are often hasty and unconsidered. After the custom, not unknown in our own day, he came to church not so much to be edified as to criticise: he "suffered the word of exhortation" in a sense never intended by St. Paul, or gave to it only a languid, imperfect hearing. Moreover the motives which brought him into the sacred precincts of God's House were sometimes of the unworthiest. The curiosity which led him with a truly Athenian spirit into several churches in the course of a morning may be dismissed, but what shall we say for the frame of mind which brought him to matins during the

intervals of an assignation where "much against my will stayed out the whole church in pain" (it was so crowded he could not get out) "whilst she expected me at home"? Or of his visit to Clerkenwell Church "only to see the two fayre Botelers"—or to St. Dunstan's, where he heard "an able sermon of the minister of the place," and at the same time laboured to corrupt "a pretty, modest maid" who stood by him? The fact is, the majority of his destructive criticisms belong to the period in which his own life was at its lewdest. For several years his morals were thoroughly undermined, and no man's religion survives his morals. Of one hundred and seventy-one sermons to which he had listened, or through which he slept, ninety fail to merit his approval. The thermometer of his opinion ranges from "poor," "simple," "indifferent," "tedious," to the point below zero which "like a fool," "impertinent," "full of nonsense," "nothing worth hearing," may be supposed to indicate.

But enquiry reveals the interesting fact that the afternoon sermon is often the delinquent. So normal are the slumbers of

Pepys, one might suppose he came to church with the single intention of snatching an hour's repose from all earthly and heavenly cares, mistaking his capacious pew for a four-poster, and his clergyman (especially the robustious Scot, "to whose voice I am never to be reconciled") for a theological Macbeth who murders sleep. He must be acquitted, however, of a deliberate surrender to an infirmity which has assailed most people—an infirmity due rather to the weakness of the flesh than to the perversity of the spirit. The afternoon is in many instances a time of weariness and dreariness, of doleful waste of effort on the part of the preacher, of repletion and suspended animation on the part of the congregation. Pepys' bill of fare for his mid-day meal often supplies the key to his afternoon repose. More fortunate than that little Eutychus, the boy who "being asleep fell from his high seat to the ground, and got no hurt," the annalist slumbered in the safe recesses of his gallery pew. The rector may declaim his most eloquent periods, "but I know not how, I slept most of the sermon": a stranger may

"preach like a fool": "a simple, bawling, young Scot" hold forth, or "a vain, pragmatical fellow preach a ridiculous, affected sermon": the storm still passes harmlessly over his head: not even the dead in the churchyard without could sleep deeper.

Further extenuation may be found in the length of the sermon, to which there are frequent references. "A Presbyterian made a sad and long sermon which vexed me," "a stranger preached a dry and long tedious sermon." When it is remembered that the Puritan sermons knew no criterion of length save the hour-glass, and that the minister was judged to be wanting in zeal and devotion who should not keep going for sixty minutes at least, it will be confessed that Pepys had some excuse for his annoyance. The sermons he evidently preferred were, "like music, sweetest in the close." He complains that at Whitehall "little Dr. Duport of Cambridge made a most flat, dead sermon, both for matter and manner of delivery, and very long beyond his hour, which made it worse." Yet Barrow preached on one occasion for three and a half hours,

whilst Burnet was invited by his delighted hearers to reverse his glass, and continue until its sands had again slipped through their course.

He disliked, as we have seen, the extemporary prayers of the Puritans, nevertheless he discovers a liking for their more unconventional and spontaneous speech in the pulpit. In an examination of writings by representative Churchmen and Dissenters he is inclined to award the palm to the latter on the ground that "ordinary capacities are more taken with cloak and laymen's preaching than that of the gown." Yet never has the pulpit eloquence of the Church stood so high as in the Caroline era. It was the age which gave birth to the golden sentences of Jeremy Taylor, the profound thought and high ethical tone of Isaac Barrow, the mordant wit and home truths driven home in a business-like manner of Robert South, the close reasoning of Tillotson, the impassioned oratory and splendid imagery of Stillingfleet. If there were a danger on the part of the famous ecclesiastics of that day it was, perhaps, to regard their

sermons less as a Divine message, which it is a matter of life or death to refuse, than as human compositions. They seemed to behold them, one may imagine, in all the majesty of sheepskin and vellum rather than in the lives of their contemporaries. As authors they were too voluminous, not waiting beside the waters for the Angel of Inspiration to come down and trouble them, but taking a dip every day on principle, often without benefit. If these holy and gifted men failed to touch the masses of their countrymen, the reason is not far to seek.

Pedantry was still appreciated, and scraps of the learned languages, the hall-mark of a cultured divine as opposed to the illiterate tub-thumper, found a place in most pulpit utterances. Pepys delights to prick the bubble of this affection. "Our navy chaplain preached a sad sermon, full of nonsense and false Latin." At Chatham he heard another "poor sermon, with a good deal of false Latin in it."

Politics pressed upon the people in the earlier days of the "Diary," and imparted their

own heated atmosphere to the pulpit. There came a time when people complained that, instead of a peaceful sermon, the quiet seeker after righteousness was in danger of having "a political pamphlet thrust down his throat, labelled with a pious text from Scripture." But in the reign of the Second Charles this was the kind of thing that church-goers expected and welcomed. Mr. Mills made "a most excellent sermon," or "a very good and pungent sermon" on the evils of the Protectorate, and Dr. Pierce "with much natural eloquence preached against the Papists," with the approval of at least one of their hearers. At Whitehall Dr. Creighton "railed bitterly against John Calvin, and his brood the Presbyterians, and against the present term now in use of 'tender consciences.' He ripped up Hugh Peters (calling him an execrable skellum)," and this diatribe is recorded as "a most admirable, learned, honest, and severe sermon, yet comicall."

Something must be forgiven Dr. Creighton, whose sermons seem ever tottering on the verge of laughter or Billingsgate, for his

courage in charging King Charles to the face with his sins. The sycophancy of previous reigns had left its trail behind it. Burnet, we know, was guilty of gross servility; his sermons at court seem to have been simply one stream of oily accommodating doctrine flowing gently in the direction of the select pews. Pepys tells "how the Bishop of Chichester preached before the king, and made a great, flattering sermon." Smaller men than these fawned with their superiors. In the country, when the Secretary to the Admiralty and his friends made their appearance in church, the parson began the service with: "Right Worshipful and dearly beloved."

But there was no want of courage in many in high places. Bishop Ken, "the little black man" of King Charles, was so notoriously given to plain speech that the king was wont to say: "I must go and hear Ken tell me of my faults." In the year of the Great Fire, Stillingfleet made a very noble protest before the mocking court at Whitehall on the words, "Fools make a mock of sin," whilst Pepys was impressed

with the daring of a Canon of Christ Church who preached "a very honest sermon" in which "among other things he did much insist upon the sin of adultery, which methought might touch the king." Bishop Morley, on a Christmas Day, denounced the excesses of those about his Majesty in "playes and gaming," "upon which it was worth observing how far they are from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laughed in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses." Pepys condemns this ill-conditioned merriment, but he shows himself ready to resent any preaching which treads upon his own toes. Parsimonious, he is willing to be taxed with any number of sins in the gross, but not with this one in particular. Hence the entry, when liberality is the topic: "An Oxford man gave us a most impertinent sermon upon 'Cast your bread on the waters.'" As the heads of a great War Department, "Sir William Batten and I very much angry with the parson," an Irish doctor who preached "a most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon. His text was: 'Scatter

them, O Lord, that delight in war.'" Some sermons, however, touching his own favourite infirmity, leave him unmoved. "Mr. Mills made an excellent sermon in the morning against drunkenness as ever I heard in my life." Was ever comment more true to the disposition of human nature? A few days previously he had bewailed himself in the "Diary" as "so foxed with drink," that he dared not "face his domestics at the customary prayer," whilst aching heads and nauseating excesses are common in his record.

The rector of St. Olave's, of whom frequent mention is made, affords us a very excellent illustration of the gradual way in which many of the new clergy emancipated themselves from high Calvinistic doctrines. Put in his place not improbably by Cromwell's Triers, he retained, for some years at least, the distinctive attitude of the Puritan in his teaching. "To church where Mr. Mills made an unnecessary sermon upon original sin, neither understood by himself nor the people." This topic was quite in keeping with the severity of the Puritan

times, and with that preaching which was almost invariably concerned with the burden of the Lord. It lifted up its voice only to make the judgments of the Apocalypse start in almost visible procession before the eyes of its hearers: it raised its hand only to draw aside the curtain which shrouded the unknown future and reveal the dark grandeur of future retribution. It proclaimed the dogmas dedicated to despair, the reprobation and damnation which the pitiless thinking of the great Genevan held to be the necessary complement of the doctrine of salvation. From this masterful logic of Calvin, which enslaved not alone the mind of his own century, but broke the hearts or destroyed the reason of thousands of men and women through succeeding generations, came the theology of Isaac Watts, and those hymns which have done more to turn the home of childhood into a house of tears, and bring terror to little innocent souls, than any other writing in the English language. In the recoil from Roman extravagance and superstition, Puritanism, with all those fine qualities which have entered like particles of

iron into the life-blood of England, had fallen into a singularly arrogant attitude of its own. It had bound the truth of God, and even Omnipotence itself, in the fetters of syllogism, and revealed them not so much by the lamp of love as by torches kindled at the nether pit. At first Mr. Mills remains the Presbyterian and Puritan—he preaches predestination, and other tenets of the Calvinistic faith. Pepys describes "a lazy simple sermon" of his "upon the devil's having no right to anything in the world." Truly if the devil could have been terrified by phrases, the Puritan ministry alone would have put him to flight. The tone of menace and foreboding is apparent in many of the writings of Howe and Baxter and other of the finest spirits of the age: we turn over page after page, looking in vain for the tender strain which is the most moving and effective element in the Gospel. The number of the beast was then, as now, a matter of the deepest interest to many, and we hear of Pepys' study of a "Discourse of the number 666." But he arrives at no conclusion whether or not the end of all things was at

hand. He says of the argument "whether it be right or wrong, (it) is mighty ingenious." This is pretty much the criticism passed by the world on later predictions—those of Bengel to take effect in 1836—and the catastrophes—still delayed—announced by Dr. Cumming.

Pepys was often out of town on a Sunday. Wherever he went, he appears to have followed his custom of putting in an appearance at church.

But, however far afield he may be, he cannot escape the discourses which deal with the Divine decree, human inability to aid in its own salvation, and other of the painful problems against which the thoughtful people of the seventeenth century were bruising their hearts.

As we have recoiled from such theology (already beginning to relax its hold upon deeper thinkers even on the Puritan side), so we have receded from the idea of the sermon's paramount importance. The days are happily passing away when it can be considered the principal service, and the prayers and praises of the congregation a

mere preface. It is said — have we not heard it with these ears?—that the public still demands some sort of a preachment; that being dismissed without this usual sacrifice to the proprieties, it leaves behind it traces of resentment in a neglected alms-bag, or an angry remonstrance. This indignation would be gratifying indeed were we not aware that the sermon chiefly in request is a luxury rather than a necessary. Its very popularity shows its tendency to fall into disrepute. What people want is not such instruction as will build up their most holy faith, but sermonettes touching in a brisk and airy fashion on passing topics and making little demands either on thought or on devotion.

Forgetful of the fact that it takes a week to think out what takes only a few minutes to say, they insist upon two sermons on a Sunday. Their demand is unreasonable. They may have twenty minutes of painful platitudes; verbiage which slays its slain three times and drags them nine times round the city walls; poverty of teaching eked out with the gramophone and dissolving views;

curious cases of parallel inspiration in which the preacher and some standard author are mentally and verbally in accord; they may have all these, and many other varieties of how not to do it, but not two good sermons.

Some day it will be understood that the preacher, like the musician and artist, belongs to a distinct order. He, too, is born, not made. If the divine afflatus has been denied him, nothing can supply it. That the average parson should be thrillingly eloquent twice a week is not to be expected, but can he always be thoughtful and interesting and sensible in his talk?

"Dull" is the epithet with which the annalist damned many of the pulpit exercises of his time; if he were alive, he would still be using it. To ask from the man with no natural gift for preaching, driven from point to point in a constant round of engagements, harassed by domestic cares and the anxieties financial and moral of his work, with little time for meditation and study at his disposal, to ask from such a man two sermons on a Sunday, as well as addresses of one kind or another during the week, is

to repeat the Egyptian tyranny of the tale of bricks. The want of preaching capacity has been recognised by the laity in immemorial gibes—from the conceit of Ben Jonson, "two lips wagging, and never a wise word," to the lamentation of the late Augustus Hare, that it was a terrible penalty to pay for one's religion to hear it worried and tangled by the person to whom "one would never dream of listening in ordinary conversation for a quarter of an hour." Yet, in spite of all that is implied in such criticisms, and the increasing tendency to go out of church before the clergyman enters the pulpit, people still insist on two sermons, and look upon themselves as defrauded if they be omitted.

We venture to predict that in the future there will be fewer sermons. First of all, the deacon newly ordained to his office will be more severely restricted in what is commercially known as his "output." Unnecessary burdens will no longer be laid on his own strength—and his hearers will be spared deliverances that are often callow and unweighed. Pepys complains of the perform-

ances of "a confident young coxcomb," and "of a young man who had never preached before." Nothing perhaps is more irritating to churchgoers than the sight of young men fresh from the universities, placed in a pulpit to lecture their elders about emotions they have themselves never felt, and upon spiritual experiences of which they are as ignorant as that well-known metaphorical personage, the babe unborn.

Nor will necessity be placed on the ordinary clergy to preach as often as they do now. "Brilliant flashes of silence" will be as much appreciated in them as in Lord Macaulay. Services, especially in the afternoon, will be held to be complete, without one word of exhortation. After all, the crown of their ministry does not lie in the attractiveness of their speech, but in "the holiness and usefulness of their lives." They may not be shepherds like Tityrus, warbling on his pipe beneath the spreading beech tree, but they can be the true "pastor in parochia," caring for the bodies of their flocks as well as their souls, visiting the sick and sorrowful, gathering the little ones of the Church around

them, dispensing the Holy Sacraments, making themselves the friends and helpers of unhappy men and women, and entering into every phase of the life of which they are the centre. It is enough if they live on week-days the Gospel of which they may be no eloquent expounders on the Sunday. Already the Church is regaining some of her lost ground, not because she is renewing the traditions of splendid preachers, but because she is restoring the ideal of the parish priest.

It happens, not infrequently, that a vicar or curate has no time for original sermons. Why should he be debarred from using publicly the writings of the Church's greatest divines? These exist at present only to nourish the student or to while away the solitary hours of the recluse. It is true that, generally speaking, people would rather hear a poor, imperfect word from a living tongue, than the noblest eloquence of a book; but it is possible that the use from time to time of those monuments of piety and learning which belong to the past would not only be a source of relief to the clergy, but of the highest advantage to those who have

to listen to them. Against a loose or indiscriminate selection the bishops could guard by a collection of theological writings set forth under their own authority.

Finally, we hold that a Preaching Order should be restored to the Church. The race of the great preachers is dead: the sermons of the ordinary cleric still miss their mark as in the day when Pepys set down his impressions of them. But history may repeat itself. When devotion was at its lowest in England, the coming of the Friars was a signal for a rekindling of religion. The spiritual inertia and deadness of the times gave birth to them: the hurry and abounding vitality of our own century are like to do the same by us. Our parishes need to be visited by the men with whom preaching is not a profession deliberately chosen so much as a summons which may not be resisted—men with the Divine fervour and gifts of utterance. We need the prophets and the sons of the prophets, those who without fear or favour shall speak because the inspiration rings within their hearts and stirs their tongues to willing utterances. Fitted for

their task by natural endowments, by retirement, by prayer and meditation, they will fan the cold embers of spiritual life in many a parish into a glowing flame, inspiring the lay members of the Church with their "winged words"—and lifting the ministers and stewards of God's mysteries out of ever-deepening ruts of formal routine and stated duties into the purer, fresher atmosphere of their sacred calling.

It is sometimes contended that preaching has fallen so greatly into decay that never again will it recover its hold upon the heart and conscience of those who meet together for worship. We are not of this mind. The signs of the times are not really discouraging. The man with a message and the power to utter it still finds no lack of hearers. Amid the diversity of topics at the recent Church Congress, it was the subject of sermons which secured the most crowded meeting. Moreover, the measure of criticism is not necessarily the touchstone of truth. Pepys girded at the men of God around him, and sprinkled his uncomplimentary epithets with unsparing hand, yet he lived

in what is admitted by general consent to be the golden age of Anglican theology. That he derived more good from what he heard in church than he was willing to allow may be seen from one of the few eulogies his book contains: "To my joy find Mr. Frampton in the pulpit: and I think the best sermon, for goodness and oratory, without affectation or study, that ever I heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like an Apostle than ever I heard man: and it was much the best time that ever I spent in my life at church." The age of Bishop Frampton has gone for ever; the eloquence of that incomparable brotherhood to which he belonged is mute. But with the renewal of zeal and devotion, with a better use of the means at her disposal, there is room for hope that the Church may be raised to a position of power and authority far higher than she held when Samuel Pepys confided to his journal his frank impressions of the parsons and preachings of his day.

# CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS ENGLISH NEIGHBOURS

For nearly three-quarters of a century the memoirs of a great literary Frenchman have been dead to the average English reader. It is true that the task of translation was one not lightly to be undertaken, for in Chateaubriand the artist predominates: his surpassing merit lies in his diction. But within the last eighteen months his thoughts have been dressed in an English garb, and whatever of that subtle originality which we call style it has been possible to distil from a foreign language and reproduce in our own has been done—and notably well done—by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos.

The general tone of the memoirs is pessimistic and depressing. "Life does not suit me" (it is thus our author prefaces his volume); "death will perhaps become me better." The place in which he first saw

the light is "the room in which my mother inflicted life on me," and his godfather is "the unfortunate brother who gave me a name which I have nearly always dragged through misfortune." His favourite quotations are the most sombre utterances of the patriarch Job. Looking upon his life as one long misery, he wishes it would come to an end. His memoirs are dated "from beyond the grave."

In such sentiments as these it is not easy to recognise the man who sprang into fame at a bound with one of the most notable literary successes of the nineteenth century —who, whatever the nature of the conflict raging in his own mind, attained distinction and outward prosperity, and (in spite of his repinings for death) reached a green old age. Living, his name—to quote his own description—"flew from pole to pole": dead, a cross alone was necessary to mark the tomb of a famous son of France. To have known Burke a broken-hearted father, and Pitt in the heyday of his great career; to have listened to Sheridan, Fox, and fenced with Canning, Londonderry, and Wellington;

to have been the intimate of Mesdames de Staël, Récamier, and George Sand; the honoured guest of Washington in the New and of George IV. in the Old World; the friend and foe of Napoleon; confident of a Pope; trusted counsellor of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; ambassador to Berlin, London, Rome; Minister of Foreign Affairs and Peer of France; surely these are recollections which must have lightened up the darkened chambers of his memory with a sunset glow of splendour.

It cannot be denied that *vanitas vanitatum* is often the judgment which attends upon the pomps and gauds of the world, nor must it be forgotten that the writer of the memoirs had lived in tragic times, had tasted the bitterness of poverty and bodily suffering, had known the fickleness as well as the favour of princes. Nevertheless the explanation of the vein of melancholy which runs through his writings seems to lie more especially in his temperament and the associations of his youth. He is essentially the sentimentalist and man of feeling who reckons his sensibilities amongst the number

of his luxuries and indulges freely in them. Nor is he without suspicion of the *poseur*.

His passport as a refugee in England prosaically describes him as a French officer in the emigrant army; five feet four inches high, thin shape, brown hair and whiskers; but the portrait which faces the first volume, no less than the spirit of his writings, leads us to look for the real Chateaubriand in one of the most delightful of his own descriptions. Speaking of the English man of fashion at the end of the eighteenth century he says:

"The duty of a man of fashion was at the first glance to present an unhappy and ailing figure; he was expected to have something neglected about his person; long nails; beard worn neither full nor shaved, but seeming to have sprouted at a given moment by surprise, through forgetfulness and the preoccupations of despair; a waving lock of hair; a profound, sublime, wandering, and fatal glance; lips contracted in scorn of the human race; a heart bored, Byronic, drowned in the disgust and mystery of existence."

Shorn of some humorous exaggerations, it is here the author of "René" stands confessed. No compliment so touches his heart as that which discerns beneath his outward well-being the vulture preying upon his vitals. In Rome at one of his receptions as ambassador, an unknown Englishwoman draws near

to tell him he is unhappy, then mysteriously retires. A sprightly girl in Dublin rallies him on his gloomy mien—"You carry your heart in a sling." Each of these episodes is recorded with something more than satisfaction, and forms the text for a jeremiad.

He belonged to a peculiar people. Eccentricity ran in his family, from his uncle "the high-born Rabelais, persistently refusing preferment"—an abbé, stout and red-faced, with ill-curled wig and torn cassock with the ends tucked into his pocket—to his aunt, Madame Bédée, who always had a kind of snarling hound lying in her lap, and was followed by a tame boar which filled the house with its grunts.

Born on the rock of St. Malo, he was a true Breton, and the roaring of the equinoctial winds and waves around him on the day of his birth had more than an imported meaning for his life. Combourg was the home of his boyhood, a place by no means provocative of gaiety of spirit. The huge château "where a hundred knights, their squires and varlets, and King Dagobert's chargers and packs might almost have gone unnoticed," sheltered

only his father, mother, sister, and himself, with a few retainers. No visitors passed through its gates; an intolerable dulness brooded over it. Young, the English traveller, makes the following uncomplimentary reference to it:

"To Combourg the country has a savage aspect . . . the people almost as wild as their country, and their town of Combourg one of the most brutal, filthy places that can be seen . . . yet here is a château and inhabited: who is this M. de Chateaubriand, the owner, that has nerves strung for a residence among such filth and poverty?"

The owner in question was a soured and disappointed man, of whom this picture was drawn by his son:

"His general condition was one of deep sadness, which increased with age, and of a silence from which he issued only in fits of anger. Harsh with his dependents at Combourg, taciturn, despotic, and threatening at home, the feeling which the sight of him inspired was one of fear."

In this atmosphere of gloom and parental severity, the natural melancholy of the boy deepened upon him, finding at last a terrible expression in an act of attempted suicide.

In those days the cadets of aristocratic Breton families looked as a matter of course to a career on shipboard, and Chateaubriand

was recalled from his solitary wanderings and morbid imaginings to enter a naval school at Brest. Enthusiastic at first, his mind gradually faded away from thoughts of the sea; suddenly, without warning, he presented himself at home to inflict the problem of another suitable profession upon the perplexed household. His mother ardently desired to see him a priest, but a sense of personal unworthiness led him to accept rather a commission in the regiment of Navarre. As a soldier it was his lot, under circumstances highly characteristic of France before the Revolution, to become in some sense an ecclesiastic as well. Dressed in full uniform and wearing his sword, he tells us how he went down on his knees before the Bishop of St. Malo; how that prelate cut two or three hairs from the crown of his head, calling this the tonsure, and bestowed upon him a formal certificate qualifying him —not for any spiritual ministrations, but for an income of two hundred thousand livres as a member of the Order of Malta. He admits that this was by way of being an abuse, but enquires—with a *naïveté* unexpected

in an eminent defender of the Faith and Roman apologist—if it were not better that a kind of military benefice should be attached to the sword of a warrior than to the cloak of an abbé who would have dissipated this income on the pavements of Paris.

An elder brother who had opened the way for him into the army now endeavoured to push his fortunes at court. But here he was to distinguish himself only by shyness and maladroit adventures. Summoned to attend the king (Louis XVI.) on a hunting expedition, his mare—ironically named La Heureuse —carried him with great determination into the places he was most anxious to avoid. Scattering everything in his course, he found himself, to his dismay, first in at the death—an unpardonable offence against the monarch whose diary at the time when his crown and life were trembling in the balance bore the record "blank day," because there had been no hunting. After this exploit the young officer retired as incontinently from court as he had done from the Naval College at Brest.

Then came the dark days of the Revolution, his emigration to Canada, and his cam-

paign with the army of the princes, after the flight and death of its unhappy king. In 1793 he determined to "bid a long farewell to his native land," and crossed to England, where our interest in him more especially commences.

He had left behind him a country running with blood; monarchy in ruins; his nearest relatives martyred, or standing under the shadow of the guillotine; the family fortunes broken; he had put his foot on the shores of liberty, peace, and a stable government, yet London, his first refuge, was to be to him only the City of Dreadful Night. Here he was to eat the bread of sorrow in a strange land, and in such a state of destitution that his life in these early days of exile reads like the history of a Grub Street hack. He dwelt in an attic which overlooked a cemetery, where, night after night, he heard the watchman's rattle proclaiming the proximity of body-snatchers. His bed consisted of a mattress and blanket; he had no sheets; when it was cold he placed his coat and a chair above him. So weak was he that he could not make his own bed. Hunger was a

familiar experience: for days he went without food, sucking pieces of linen soaked in water, chewing grass or paper. Long after, when as the Minister of France he returns from a rout to his embassy, "passing by the light of candles between two rows of lacqueys, ending in half-a-dozen respectful secretaries," he recalls with a shudder the homecomings of his emigrant days when he climbed high up the dark, rickety staircase only to be received by a friend as poor and miserable as himself. Ill-health—a legacy from the wars —added its bitterness to his cup. Fashionable doctors, besieged by patients, assured him that he would die of his malady, and charged him a guinea for the prediction. Even the kindly physician known to the readers of Thackeray as Dr. Goodenough gave him advice without fee but without encouragement. He was bidden to prepare for the worst.

At last kindlier days dawned for him. The money he was able to make by translations and hack work was supplemented by a generous contribution from his family; his health improved; he was invited to Beccles by a

Society of Antiquaries to undertake the task of deciphering some French twelfth-century MSS. from the Camden Collection.

In Suffolk occurred the romance of his life. One Englishwoman (albeit of low degree) already occupied a place in his esteem. As he lay on the quay at Guernsey, apparently dying, the wife of an English pilot had compassion on him, and nursed him in a fisherman's cottage to which she had him carried, till he gained strength enough to resume his journey to his friends in Jersey. Of her he says, "I owe her my life: my fair-haired and comely guardian who resembled a figure in the Old English prints." Fortune was now to bring him under the influence of another of her nation and sex. Falling from his horse near Bungay in Suffolk, he was taken to the house of a clergyman named Ives. Pressed to extend his stay, and passing much of his time in the society of Charlotte, the only daughter, the young Frenchman discovered when too late that Love had taken possession of his soul. He determined to leave at once. But his secret was no longer confined to his own breast. On

the evening of the day announced for his departure, Mrs. Ives called him aside to tell him he had won the affections of her child.

"'Sir,' she said, 'Mr. Ives and I have consulted together; you suit us in every respect: we believe you will make our daughter happy. You no longer possess a country; you have lost your relations; your property is sold; what is there to take you back to France? Until you inherit what we have, you will live with us.' Of all the sorrows I had undergone, this was the sorest and greatest. I threw myself at Mrs. Ives' feet. I covered her hand with my kisses and tears. She thought I was weeping with happiness; she stretched out her hand to pull the bell-rope: she called her husband and daughter. 'Stop,' I cried. 'I am a married man!'"

So he was. In 1792 he had bestowed his name upon a woman he hardly knew by sight. Her merit lay in her dot of six hundred thousand francs. Meditating in his memoirs on this *mariage de convenance*, avowedly contracted to provide him with an income, he concludes that, on the whole, it was well for him to be yoked to a worthy woman who should keep him straight, and prove a sobering influence in his career. "If I had not married, would not my weakness have made me the prey of some design-

ing creature? Should I not have squandered and polluted my days like Lord Byron?"

But when his thoughts turn to the young girl of nineteen he met among the meadows of vernal England, there is a flame in his words that shows he lived and moved for once in the free air of love. When, more than a quarter of a century later, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, Ambassador of France, gave audience in his study to a lady dressed in mourning, and accompanied by two handsome boys, he was speechless when he recognised in Lady Sutton, widow of the admiral of that name, the Charlotte Ives of his early manhood. "I felt how deeply I loved her by what I was now experiencing."

The England in which the young refugee found himself was the England whose social life is disclosed to us in the pages of Washington Irving. In those days there was no compromise between the upper and the lower classes, between the gentry and those who worked for a wage. The detested bourgeoisie of France had no counterpart in Albion. Prominent in the picture of society which Chateaubriand has drawn is the squire,

who spends his days on his estate among his own people, and disdains the fashionable life of town. He is sturdy and independent and coarse. He hunts for five months in the year; keeps wassail at Christmas; looks askance at Whiggery; distrusts Pitt; has a strong aversion from any war which sends up the price of port; goes to bed in his boots every night. If he represents a rotten borough, he takes to parliament with him a fresh, breezy atmosphere, very refreshing in that venal place; he opposes, if needs be, the strongest ministry, and holds on like a bulldog to the old-fashioned ideas of freedom, law, and property. "He is firmly convinced that the glory of Britannia will never fade so long as they sing 'God save the King,' maintain the pocket boroughs, keep the game laws in vigour."

Of the life of the upper classes Chateaubriand saw but little, and that of the outside. As he paced the London streets, he was aware of grand ladies on their way to court, attired in the fashions familiar to us in the cartoons of Gilray and Rowlandson. They lay back in sedan chairs, their immense

petticoats projecting through the door of the chair like altar-hangings. They looked like Madonnas or Pagodas. In Hyde Park he had often beheld "the greatest sailor since the world began," of whom he has left only a caustic description, as folding his victories in Lady Hamilton's shawl at Naples, while the Lazzaroni tossed human heads from hand to hand. At Slough he saw Herschel with his prodigiously learned sister, and the wonder of those days, the forty-foot telescope, which had discovered new planets swimming into its ken. In his later acquaintance with England he has occasion to bewail the disappearance of the picturesque, but at the end of the eighteenth century Damon and Cynthia are still to be found in the London parks and gardens, while, "along the same pavements where one sees now dirty faces and men in surtouts, passed little girls in white cloaks, with straw hats fastened under the chin with a ribbon, a basket on their arm containing fruit or a book: all kept their eyes lowered, all blushed when one looked at them." Even the seamen belong to heroic times, for he assures us that it is

by no means unusual to find sailors, born on shipboard, who, from infancy to old age, have never set foot on dry land.

The venerable and pathetic figure of George III. was not unknown to him. Once he witnessed the arrival, "in a dowdy carriage," of that monarch from Windsor, where he had been hobnobbing with his brother farmers, discussing turnips, and drinking out of the same pewter. Later, he saw in Windsor Castle "the king, white-haired and blind, wandering like Lear through his palace, groping with his hands along the walls of his apartment. He sat down to a piano, of which he knew the position, and played some portions of a sonata of Handel: a fine ending for old England!"

George's great minister, Pitt, with his nose in the air, his sad and mocking look, his supercilious carriage, has a profound interest for the man who was one day to move his own Senate against that political predominance which Pitt had largely secured. He reckons him "lord of the kings of Europe, as five or six city merchants are the masters of India," bearing witness at the

same time to the nobility of his patriotism and the purity of his public life.

"In his own affairs," he says, "the great financier maintained no order; had no regular hours for his meals or sleep. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody. Badly dressed, with no pleasures, no passions, greedy only for power, he scorned honours, and refused to be more than plain Mr. Pitt."

Parliament was a favourite resort of the coming diplomatist and senator. There he listened to the cold utterance and monotonous intonation of Pitt, yielding, like others, to the fascination of his lucidity and logic—to the wonderful flashes of eloquence which from time to time lighted up his sombre speech. There were giants in those days—Fox and Sheridan, and Wilberforce and Erskine; and Chateaubriand had heard them all. He had witnessed and formed his own opinion of the famous parting between Burke and Fox on the subject of the French Revolution. "By declaring himself opposed to the French Revolution he [Burke] dragged his country into the long road of hostilities which ended in the plains of Waterloo." He had been an amused spectator of the vagaries of Lord Holland, spin-

ning round, as upon a pivot, until he was facing the walls to which his remarks were apparently addressed. On the whole, the Frenchman was favourably impressed with the English House of Commons, and contrasted the natural tone and unaffected manner of its members with the fiery assembly of his own land. "We, always placed upon a stage, hold forth and gesticulate like a solemn puppet show."

A good English scholar from his youth—a youth nourished on the wild epics of Ossian — he now became fully conversant with the literature of his adopted country. Shakespeare he holds in high regard, ranking him amongst the number of those who have supplied the seed thoughts of mankind. He is one of the parent geniuses who seem to have brought forth and suckled all the others; his influence is seen in the romantic poetry of Byron and the prose romances of Walter Scott. He indulges in a quaint speculation concerning a physical disability of the dramatist, and seems to be of opinion that the elder English poet was as lame as the younger one.

Dumas, it will be remembered, follows in the train of the author of the memoirs, and writes with enthusiasm:

"I came to recognise that in the world of the theatre everything emanates from Shakespeare as in the physical world all emanates from the sun. . . . The work of this one man contains as many types as the rest put together: he is the one who has created most; next after God."

The rank and file of English writers Chateaubriand dismisses with few words, but for the author of the "Decline and Fall" he has a scathing sentence: "A philosopher during his lifetime, he became a Christian on his death-bed; and in that capacity was convicted of being a paltry individual."

In the year 1800 the exile bade adieu to the land which had sheltered him for eight long years, and returned to his own people and country. His mind, accustomed to the freedom and absence of officialism in England, was quick to perceive at Calais the change of régime. No sooner does his boat come to an anchor than gendarmes and custom-house officers leap aboard and take possession. "In France a man is always

suspected, and the first thing we see in our business as well as in our amusements is a cocked hat or a bayonet."

Under Napoleon he became minister to the Valais Republic, but the execution of the Duc d'Enghien so revolted him that he retired from his office, and ranked himself thereafter amongst the opponents of the First Consul. The fall of Buonaparte opened once again a political career, of which Chateaubriand had always been ardently desirous, and by Louis XVIII., whose cause he had consistently maintained, he was despatched to England in 1822 as French Ambassador.

The contrast between his first and second visit we have already noticed. The people still live as grossly as ever: at Dover, where he is fêted, the bill of fare, consisting of huge fishes and enormous pieces of beef, destroys rather than assists his appetite. Duelling is not yet out of fashion; soon after his arrival the Dukes of Buckingham and Bedford held pistols to each other's heads, at the bottom of a pit in Hyde Park. During the intervening years the middle class has evolved itself: "Everything has

become machinery in the manufacturing professions, folly in the privileged classes." The man of fashion, no longer Byronic and misanthropic,

> must have a conquering, thoughtless, insolent air; he must attend to his dress and wear moustaches, or a beard cut round like Queen Elizabeth's ruff or the radiant disc of the sun; reveals the lofty independence of his character by keeping his hat on his head, by lolling on the sofa, stretching out his boots before the noses of the ladies seated in admiration in chairs before him; he rides with a cane which he carries like a wax taper. A few Radical dandies, those most advanced towards the future, possess a pipe.

He sums up his impression of society in the well-known aphorism, "All the English are mad by nature or by fashion."

As ambassador he meets every one worth knowing. At Lord Lansdowne's he is introduced by George IV. to a severe-looking lady of patriarchal age, attired in crape, and resembling a queen who had abdicated her throne. "She greeted me in a solemn voice, with three mingled sentences from the 'Genius of Christianity,' and then said to me with no less solemnity, 'I am Mrs. Siddons.' If she had said to me, 'I am Lady Macbeth,' I should have believed her." At a rout he encounters the Duchess of

Devonshire whose charms have been perpetuated on the canvas of Gainsborough. He admits the mature beauty of the lady of forty-seven, but adds the curious information that she had lost one eye, a defect which she concealed behind a lock of her hair.

From time to time he meets the Duke of Wellington, whom he regards with the strong disfavour of a patriotic Frenchman. His references to him are to the man of gallantry, or to the fortuitous soldier whose victories are due less to merit than to a lucky chance. "General," he says, "you did not defeat Napoleon at Waterloo; you only forced the last link of a destiny already shattered." In saying this he probably expressed the feeling of all France.

Dumas, philosophising in late years upon the event of Waterloo, also attributes the French overthrow to Destiny, or Providence embodied in the forms of Wellington and Blücher. With this convenient explanation of all things, if it afford a salve to wounded patriotism, we need not quarrel.

In Chateaubriand's opinion it is not only necessary to rob Wellington of the crown

of his victory, but to attribute to him incompetence as a leader. The credit of Napoleon's defeat belongs to Blücher: Wellington had been surprised by his great antagonist and compelled to accept a detestable strategic position where he remained trembling until relieved by the advancing Prussians. The truth is Wellington was so inseparably connected with the humiliation of France that Chateaubriand could not judge him dispassionately. He complains that "an Irish Protestant, an English general unacquainted with our manners and history, was charged to shape our destinies"; this in view of the part which Wellington played in the adjustment of France's affairs after Buonaparte's retirement to Elba. To the legitimist soul of Chateaubriand the man who could say "that's a trifle" of Fouché's regicide was incapable of understanding or directing the high destiny of Fouché's country.

It is not usual for Englishmen to think of the "good, grey head" as associated with affairs of gallantry: the memoirs, not unwillingly, give us a glimpse into those lighter moments of Wellington. They represent him

as striving to attract a glance from Juliet—the beautiful Madame Récamier—into whose drawing-room he strode after Waterloo with the triumphant words, "I have beaten him soundly."

"Madame," begins his letter, "I confess I do not much regret that business will prevent me from calling upon you after dinner, because every time I see you I leave you more impressed with your charms, and less disposed to give my attention to politics. I will call upon you to-morrow in case you should be in, and in spite of the effect which these dangerous visits will produce on your most faithful servant, W."

That the duke had his own views of the attractions of French blue-stockings is evident from a letter to Lady Burghersh, dated Paris, 1817:

"I am on proper terms with the Staël—that is, she is confoundedly afraid of me. She told a person, who repeated it to me, that she had done everything in her power *pour m'intéresser à elle* (what does she suppose we are made of?) but she found I had no *cœur pour l'amour!*"

The memoirs' last reference to Wellington finds him still pursuing his career as a man of affairs. At a ball at Almack's, "the meeting-place of dandies old and young, amongst the old shone the victor of Water-

loo, who aired his glory like a snare for women stretched across the quadrilles."

Parliament revisited gives occasion to melancholy reflections upon its lost glories. Canning is an eloquent speaker rather than an able politician; a man of letters rather than a statesman. He is to be remembered by the "Needy Knife-grinder," not by diplomacy. Peel receives but a passing mention; Lord Bathurst is noticeable only for good manners based on the French tradition. Liverpool is a worthy personage with a reputation of piety; the description of him is notable:

"At the time when I knew him, he had almost reached the Puritan illumination. He lived alone with an old sister some miles out of London. He spoke little: his countenance was melancholy; he often bent an ear and seemed to be listening to something sad: one would have said that he was hearing his years fall, like the drops of a winter's rain upon the pavement. For the rest he had no passions, and he lived according to God."

Londonderry, the Foreign Minister of his day, is "a man of doubtful frankness, who never says what he means." In spite of his Celtic birth (displaying itself on occasions in Irish eloquence and Irish bulls) he is of a demeanour so impassive that "he would

not have budged if some one had caught him on the ear with a sausage." His tragic end is described in full, and derision is poured upon the popular notion that he destroyed himself through political despair. His suicide was preceded by mental aberration. George IV. told Chateaubriand that whilst reading a MS. he noticed that his minister was not listening to him, and that his eyes were rolling wildly about the room. Questioned on the cause of his discomposure, the marquis replied, "It is that insufferable John, sir, who is at the door; he will not go away though I am always telling him." The king folded up his paper and said, "You are ill, my lord; go home and get yourself bled."

Chateaubriand had returned to England to find that the writings of Scott and Byron were in vogue; his diary is full of references to them. The Scottish novelist he regards as the unquestioned founder of the recent school of historical romance, even as the poetry of the nineteenth century was to receive its first and greatest expression from the lips of Byron.

But he has little to say of the Wizard of the North in comparison with Byron, whose fortunes and fate appeal so strongly to him. Indeed, is not the English poet a descendant and follower of his own? Proclaiming him an immortal singer, the greatest poet that England has produced since Milton, he does not hesitate to affirm that Byron had "René" in view when he wrote "Childe Harold," "The Giaour," and "Conrad," and that it was that character which inspired his genius. In the fame of Byron, he sees a menace to his own: "One wishes to keep the sceptre, fears to share it." In the lives of the two poets he detects coincidences. Both were unhappy in their childhood, both were peers (and, he might have added, failures in the House of Peers), both loved the Orient and travelled widely in it, both nourished their youth on the Bible and on Ossian. Whilst the one was at Harrow, the other was an exile in the great city ten miles away; under the elm in Harrow churchyard each had dreamed of his hero; Byron sang of the heaths of Scotland and its seaside, Chateaubriand of the marshes of

Brittany and the sea. Of fame the English poet is assured:

"Lord Byron will live, whether a child of his century he gave utterance, like myself and like Goethe, to its passions and misfortunes, or whether my circumnavigation and the lantern of my Gallic bark showed the vessel of Albion the track across unexplored waters."

But Byron's fame even in his own day is passing away, and Chateaubriand reproaches England with her inability to understand the poet whose cry is so deep and so sad. He predicts that France will raise up altars to the genius of his age "when his own country shall have disowned him or suffered his memory to lapse."

Of Byron as a man he holds a contemptuous opinion as vain, misanthropic, and profligate. In Geneva an old boatman told him how Byron set sail in the teeth of a tempest, and leaped from the deck of his felucca into the waves and swam through the gale to the Castle of Chillon. "I am not so eccentric," adds Chateaubriand, lest coincidences be carried unduly far. Although he had never seen the writer of "Don Juan" in the flesh, he saw in after years the two

women who had been inseparably connected with his career. He draws an admirable distinction between them. "Madame Guiccioli I met in Rome; Lady Byron in Paris. Frailty and virtue thus appealed to me: the former had probably too many realities: the latter too few dreams."

Recalled to the continent after a short tenure of office in London, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris, and finally under Charles X. ambassador to Rome.

His references to the English population of that place are of the most uncomplimentary nature. Britannia waving her trident North, South, East, West, asserting her supremacy in all quarters of the globe, had proved a sufficiently exasperating spectacle to the traveller Frenchman; in the Eternal City she is intolerable. When a pope dies, and Christendom lies in hushed suspense, it is an English party of festive and over-dined people who elect His Holiness's successor by a travesty of their own. It is a colony of Anglo-Saxons, living on the Piazza d'Espagna, who make great hubbubs, scorn-

fully eyeing poor mortals from top to toe, and who go back to their brick-red kennel in London with hardly a glance at the Coliseum. It is these foreigners who jar insufferably upon the *convenances* of the ambassador's reception:

"What really clashes with the nature of the place is that multitude of vapid Englishmen and frivolous dandies who, holding each other linked by the arm, as the bats do by the wing, parade their eccentricity, their boredom, and their insolence at your receptions, and make themselves at home in your house as at an inn. This vagrant and swaggering Great Britain makes for your seats at public solemnities, and boxes with you to turn you out of them; all day long it hastily swallows pictures and ruins, and in the evening it comes to swallow cakes and ices at your parties, feeling that it confers a great honour upon you for doing so. I do not know how an ambassador can endure these unmannerly guests, and why he does not show them the door."

Even the memories of Milton — "the greatest Protestant poet of the seventeenth century and its most serious genius"—do not soften the asperities of the ambassador's offended spirit. Fit precursor of the hordes of tourists who should inherit his Protestantism but not his gravity, Milton casts upon the Campagna "a look as dry, as barren as his faith." Rome, in a passage of fine imaginative force, regards him with

displeasure: "Leaning against the Cross, holding the Old and New Testaments in her hands, with the guilty generations driven from Eden behind her, and the redeemed generations descended from the Mount of Olives before her, she said to the heretic born of yesterday: 'What do you want of your old mother?'"

Lord Byron alone of all Englishmen has truly responded to the genius of the imperial city and her associations. "When Napoleon's Eagle allowed Rome to escape from its claws, then Byron appeared at the crumbling walls of the Cæsars: he flung his distressed imagination over so many ruins like a mourning cloak. Rome, thou hadst a name, he gave thee another: that name will cling to thee; he called thee—

> 'The Niobe of nations—there she stands,
> Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe.'"

It was the fate of Chateaubriand, apparently, to experience the ingratitude of kings. Neglected by Louis XVIII., he was abruptly dismissed by Charles X. from his embassy, and henceforth retired from public affairs.

As a politician he had risen to no distinction, save as the author of the "War of the Spanish Succession," an enterprise for which he claims the approval of Sir Robert Peel. The attempt on the part of some of his contemporaries to injure England by fomenting Irish discontent received no support from him, for he holds that Ireland has everything to lose by her separation from Great Britain. "Ireland is only England's long boat; cut the painter, and the long boat, separated from the big ship, will go to wreck amid the waves." But he is notable as opposing the tendency which ran in favour of a French alliance with England, a tendency which found expression in the Crimean War. In such a confederacy he foresaw nothing but loss to his own country; Russia is the real friend of France. Turkey, to him, is the incurably sick man whom it would be a good thing to cast into the Bosphorus. To discipline armies for the follower of the false prophet—to supply him with the resources of ships of war, steamboats, and railways—would be not to carry civilisation to the East but to bring bar-

barism to the West. Russia, on the other hand, represents enlightenment and Christianity; thus her presence in Constantinople need not of necessity be a menace to the peace of Europe. By geographical position, by sympathy, by absence of commercial rivalry, by the prevalence of French manners and the French language amongst her upper classes, she is the natural ally of France. England must be held at arm's length: her history is against her: she has not respected the liberty of nations and things: she had veered round to despotism or democracy according to the wind which blew the ships of the city merchants to her ports. What has England to offer in return for French support?—not territory, not large subsidies, not armies. If she is the Mistress of the Seas, France comes second as a great naval Power. In any concerted action taken against Russia by the two Powers, England would alone be the gainer, acquiring commercial privileges in which France with her smaller merchant fleet and trade would have little share.

In extreme old age, Chateaubriand died and was gathered to his fathers amidst the

homage of his countrymen. But he was destined, two years before passing, to set foot again upon the shores which he had visited as exile and ambassador. In response to the desire of the Comte de Chambord, the worn and broken old man journeyed to England to attest his loyalty to the legitimist succession he had so passionately advocated through a long life, and to kiss the hand of his uncrowned king. After a few weeks' affectionate intercourse with his prince and the informal court that surrounded him, Chateaubriand crossed the Straits of Dover for the last time. As he watched with dim eyes the lessening cliffs of Albion, we may well believe that above the rancours of the statesman and patriot must have risen a feeling, kindly and grateful, to the land which had been to himself and so many of his distressed countrymen a haven of rest and security.

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